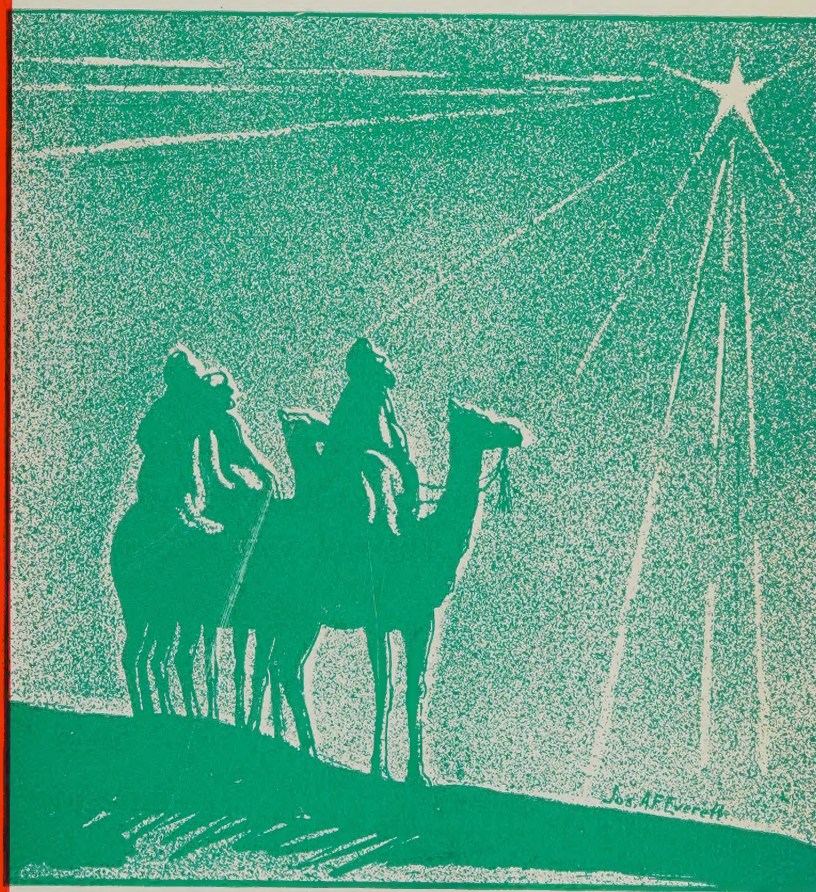
Helen J Clark

The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Vol. XXV DECEMBER, 1938 No. 12



MRS JAMES R CLARK
184 NO 2ND EAST
PROVO UTAH

Enjoy

Pure, Extra Fine Granulated

SUGAR

For table, cooking, canning, fine pastries and candy, you'll find Beet Sugar Superb . . . a sweet, extra-fine granulated, quick-dissolving sugar. Home grown. Home refined. Insist on beet sugar at your grocers!

USE BEET SUGAR

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

Intermountain Beet Sugar Companies

Christmas Foods— Santa Claus Prices

Yes, your O. P. Skaggs System Store has "The Sugar and Spice and everything nice" for your Christmas cooking, baking and feast table. We are so anxious for you to have a Merry Christmas that we have arranged a lot of Santa Claus Prices. With our reverence for that noble historic Gentleman, you may be sure they are right.

O. P. SKAGGS
Efficient Service System
FOOD STORES
"A Surity of Purity"

BOOK and GIFT Headquarters

Whatever your book or gift needs, and whatever the occasion, make this store your shopping headquarters.

We have on display a wide variety of pleasing Gifts suitable for Christmas or any other occasion. Our stock of Books is the largest in the Intermountain region.

If you cannot come to our store, you can shop by mail. Write for further information.

Order your Christmas Greeting Cards Now.

Deseret Book Company

44 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

PROVE...

to yourself that Fisher's vitamin "D" Bread is better by just trying it. People everywhere cheer its fine quality and rare flavor.

FISHER'S
VITAMIN "D" BREAD

A Product of
THE AMERICAN LADY BAKING CO.
The Big Home-Owned Bakery
1844 South State
Salt Lake City, Utah

Blue Blaze...

UTAH'S SOOTLESS COAL
Burns with a LONG FLAME. CLEAN—HOT—ECONOMICAL
ASK YOUR DEALER

Jewkes Coal Sales Company

514 Judge Building — Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV DECEMBER, 1938 No. 12

CONTENTS

Joseph ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 791
Frontispiece (Church of the Nativity) 792
A Visit to Bethlehem On Christmas Eve ..... Sidney B. Sperry 793
A Thought For The Season ..... Anna B. Hart 797
Giver's Gold ..... Sibyl Spande Bowen 800
Ministry and Authority of the Early Apostles ..... President David O. McKay 806
Santa With a High Hand ..... Mabel S. Harmer 814
Richard L. Evans ..... Marba C. Josephson 819
December 821
Christmas Is For Happiness ..... Bernice Fagg Pond 822
Who Seeks The King ..... La Rene King Bleecker 823
Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 824
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 828
Notes from the Field ..... Julia A. F. Lund 829
Editorial:
The Greatest Gift 832
Music Department (A More Cultural Radio) ..... Wade N. Stephens 833
Lesson Department 834
Magazine Honor Roll 853

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 980

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

"Everything to Furnish the Home"
THE GREATEST VARIETY AND LARGEST STOCK OF
Living Room, Dining Room and Bedroom Furniture
in the Intermountain Territory
400 Suites to Choose From

GRANITE FURNITURE CO.

Out of the High Rent District

The home of THE ROUND OAK RANGE, AMERICAN BEAUTY WASHERS
KELVINATOR, FRIGIDAIRE AND STEWART-WARNER REFRIGERATORS
Quality and Service Come First—We Deliver Everywhere
MURRAY SUGAR HOUSE PROVO

"No Doctor Advises Home Washing as A Health Exercise"

Peerless Laundry

1184 E. 21st South Complete Laundry Service Hyland 2182

Here's a Suggestion!

You can solve that Christmas gift problem by deciding to give

Useful Electric Appliances

Waffle Irons, Toasters, Heating Pads, Mixers, Grills, Razors, Clocks and Approved I. E. S. Floor and Study Lamps.

Make your selection today.
Easy terms can be arranged.

See Your Dealer or Utah Power & Light Co.

"FOUR WAYS BETTER"

BE SURE YOU RECEIVE THE ONE AND ONLY GENUINE

UTAH

JESSE KNIGHT'S **SPRING CANYON COAL**

1—Starts Quicker. 2—Burns Longer. 3—Less Soot. 4—Less Ash

"ASK YOUR DEALER"

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty
Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286 **29 Bishop's Building**

Salt Lake City, Utah

LOW COST PER MILE

VICO MOTOR OIL

PEP 88 GASOLINE

STATIONS EVERYWHERE IN UTAH AND IDAHO

JOSEPH

By Alice Morrey Bailey

"Rather would I doubt the stars, the sunshine,
The seasons, or that I myself am sane
Than Mary—righteous, sweet, she whom I love.
If she be wrong then all of life is vain."
And then enfolding clouds of doubt assailed him,
Etched in pain each thought. With kingly tread
He paced the night until, confused and weary
Of heart and mind and soul, he sought his bed.
"But if the evil tongues of her speak truly
And I must deal according to the law,
Then I will do so privately, and kindly,
And not in public shame or point her flaw."
Still anguished, Joseph sank to restless slumber,
Fitful dreams, from which an angel spoke,
Bringing him the long awaited herald
Of great events. He instantly awoke.
"Fear not to take for wife unto thee Mary,
For she was chosen of all Israel
To be the precious mother of the Savior.
That which she has is God's. All is well!"

Thus Joseph proudly took unto him Mary,
But knew her not before the Holy night
In Bethlehem, when travel-weary, hungry,
Mary rode the donkey—silent, white—
While Joseph sought in vain at Inn and Tavern
For food and lodging—offering any sum.
Long before he found the sheltered stable
He knew, with fearful heart, her hour had come.
Joseph watched her pain in silent anguish,
And mutely smoothed the robes where Mary lay
Until the miracle of birth—and sorrowed
That the Son of God must have a bed of hay.
And, though the new-born cry exulted Joseph,
In whose veins the blood of David ran;
Though in awe, and awkwardly, but tender,
He took into his arms the Son of Man;
Though angels sang and glory filled the stable
The ears of Joseph echoed Mary's cries.
His heart yet trembled fearfully—and lifted
Only when she smiled into his eyes.

BETHLEHEM

(At left, Church of the Nativity)

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXV DECEMBER, 1938 No. 12

A Visit to Bethlehem On Christmas Eve

By Sidney B. Sperry

AT this season of the year our thoughts turn more than customarily to the Holy Land. We associate the birth of the Christ Child with the place of his nativity, Bethlehem. The reader may therefore be interested in following an account of the experiences and observations of the writer who spent Christmas Eve in that little city a few years ago.

There was no particular glamor or allurement attached to a visit to Bethlehem—I had been there a number of times before—but there was a thrill at the prospect of spending a few pleasant evening hours in the open fields outside the city. Not only this, but the trip was to be made in the company of archaeologists and Bible scholars who had planned to rejoice in a way befitting the announcement of "good tidings of great joy."

Our party left the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem late in the afternoon. The weather was cool and pleasant and the sky clear. Our Arab chauffeurs drove at a very leisurely pace, for Bethlehem is only a short distance south and west of the Holy City—about five and a half miles as I recall. We left Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate, descended the Valley of Hinnom and then in succession passed many interesting historical spots: the supposed country house of Caiaphas the High Priest, the tree on which Judas hanged himself (so tradition), and the Valley of Rephaim where David defeated the Philistines (2 Sam. 23: 12, 13). The interesting little Jewish settlement of Talpioth is located on the Plain of Rephaim and here lives the celebrated Hebrew scholar Joseph Klausner.

A short distance beyond Talpioth, on the left-hand side of the road, there is a cistern known as the *Well of the Magi.* According to tradition the three wise men, after leaving King Herod, stopped at this spot and stooped to draw water. While doing so they saw a star reflected in the well. They followed the star which led them to the place where the Christ was born. There are other traditions to the effect that the well never dries up and that the Virgin Mary stopped near it on her journey to Bethlehem.

Soon we came to the *Tomb of Rachel,* a relatively modern building with a dome on top. The present structure dates back only to 1841 when Sir Joseph Montefiore made certain additions to the old monument. The tomb was revered in Christ's time and when the traveler Arculf visited it in 670 A. D. he described it as an unadorned "Pyra-

mid." Many eminent scholars believe that the "tomb" does not represent the burial place of Rachel at all. Dr. Gustaf Dalman holds that the original burial place was near Rama, north of Jerusalem, and that later the "tomb" was erroneously transferred to the present spot. He says, "One can understand that when the original place of Rachel's grave, the Benjaminite Ephrat, disappeared, the Ephrata of Judah could not refrain from appropriating to herself the grave of Jacob's favorite wife, especially since all the other wives of the Patriarchs rested in Judah." If one will take the trouble to read and compare Gen. 35:19 with I Sam. 10:2 there will be found certain difficulties to reconcile respecting the location of Rachel's tomb.

The apocryphal gospels assume that the spot of Christ's birth was in the neighborhood of the present sepulchre. Here, about one mile from Bethlehem, the Virgin is said to have been surprised by the birth of her Son, and a cave had to be found. At this place the shepherds and the Magi reputedly discovered the infant. Other varying accounts as to the whereabouts of the Christ-Child's birth are in existence and it will be apparent to any critically minded person that the exact spot is unknown.

CONTINUING a short distance along the pleasant highway we came to the place where the road to Bethlehem forks off the main road to the left. From this point it is only three-quarters of a mile to where the solidly built and closely massed houses of the present city begin to cluster.

Bethlehem is built on a ridge which is terraced and planted with olive trees. Just a few years ago the population of the place was under ten thousand; the present figures are not at hand. To the Westerner the city is quaint, but not unpleasing in appearance. The population is—or was—chiefly Christian and works the soil in the valley below the city or manufactures trinkets of various kinds for the tourist trade.

Dr. Dalman, one of the chief authorities on the city, says, "The exact spot occupied by the old city has not yet been ascertained. It was without doubt a smaller city than that of today. If we disregarded all traces of the past, we should place it either at the top of the watershed to the west, or on its eastern spur, outside of what is now considered to be old Bethlehem. Our decision in the matter is not without importance in connection with the traditional site of the Nativity. In the first case it was far from the old city; in the other case it was at its western end, that is to say, at its most important approach. The present Bethlehem occupies almost the whole of the long ridge which branches off from the summit, and in the south it stretches even beyond it. Its real ancient site, however, lies undoubtedly in the centre, i. e. on the lowest of the three elevations, and extends from west to east 500 metres (about 547 yards) long and half as broad, on a plain about equal in extent to that of ancient Etam and Mizpah. Bethlehem in olden times was, as now, situated not on a spur but on a saddle."

We proceeded into the city and made a short stay, after which our cars took us by an old and somewhat unfrequented road to a plain, where Arab shepherds were watching their sheep. It was now dusk and as I descended from the right side of the car and faced the west I was startled by the size of the Evening star. Through the clear balmy air of Pal-

estine it resembled a large incandescent crystal globe. My mind reverted to the words of the Magi as reported by Matthew 2:2: "Where is the king of the Jews that has been born? for we saw his star in the east country, and came to do him homage."

Our situation was truly charming and romantic. The undulating hills of Judah stretched before us in every direction. On our right they appeared in dim relief against the afterglow on the western horizon. Through the clear air came faint cries of the hyena and jackal from the desert, the answering barks of village dogs, the soft tinkling of little bells on nearby sheep, and the plaintive notes from some distant shepherd's pipe—breaking the otherwise solemn stillness of the Palestinian night. The gathering darkness, the clear sky, the presence of the shepherds, combined with the psychological effect of the holiness of the night made a never to be forgotten impression upon our minds. The evening was cool and light topcoats were welcomed. Sprinkled over the plain were the fires of shepherds and visiting pilgrims.

THE members of our party were met by some Jewish friends, according to a pre-arranged plan, and we were conducted into a cave underground where hot native bread was being cooked and also a large amount of meat. The smoke at the entrance of the cave almost smothered us, but a little distance back we made ourselves very comfortable. The native Palestinians seemed not to mind the smoke at all.

Large flat "loaves" of the bread, about twenty inches in diameter and almost paper-thin were offered to us. Since we were not inexperienced in Palestinian customs each proceeded to tear off a large piece of bread, folded it over portions of beef and goatmeat, and thus made a kind of sandwich. The meat had been well cooked and was very tender. The ride and the cool air had made us hungry, and our repast was not at all unpalatable.

After satisfying our hunger we went once more into the open air, gathered in a circle, built a fire and sang carols. Some English friends joined our party and I thoroughly enjoyed the way they sang the old holiday airs. While we were singing, the Arab shepherds ventured closer and closer until we could see their dark eyes gleaming in the firelight. The natives are a very curious lot and like to watch the actions of the queer Americans and Europeans.

After singing, we discussed the historical significance of the district. Somewhere not far from here Samuel had prepared the sacrificial meal at which David, the son of Jesse, was anointed king over Israel (I Sam. 16:13). Then, too, we recalled that somewhere not far away, "the shepherds were in the same country lodging in the open field and keeping night-watches over their flock: and, lo, an angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were afraid with great fear. And the angel said to them, Fear not; for, lo, I bring you good tidings of a great joy which will be to all the people, that there has been born for you today a Savior, who is the Lord Christ, in the town of David." (Luke 2:8-11). There is an old tradition that three shepherds were the favored ones to whom the angel appeared. The traveler, Arculf, in 670 speaks of "the three shepherds who, just in this neighborhood, were surrounded with the glory of the Lord." A certain Petrus

Diaconus also makes mention of a large garden, having walls around it, that contained a cave in which there was an altar that was supposed to mark the spot where the angel appeared to the shepherds. Other similar statements have been made, but they can all be classed as mere guesses. No one knows exactly where the shepherds were when the heavenly messenger appeared.

WE were scheduled to visit the famous church of the Nativity at about midnight. The church of the Nativity is jointly owned by the Latin, Greek Orthodox and Armenian Churches whose convents are built contiguous to it. Unfortunately, there has been much bickering between these churches over the use of the venerated edifice. The fighting and quarrels between so-called "Christian" churches in the land called "Holy" is one of the anomalies of our generation. The grim humor of the situation is intensified by the presence of Arab soldiers, Mohammedans, at the "holy" places to keep the good Christians from flying at each other's throats.

The church of the Nativity is one of the most ancient in the world. Eusebius, one of the early church historians, makes mention of the fact that the emperor Constantine, or rather his mother Helena, ordered a church built here in the year 326 A. D. The pilgrim of Bordeaux visited it in the year 333. Even before a church was built on the spot, Origen wrote, about the year 248: "Should anyone desire still other proofs for the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem according to Micah's prophecy (5:2) and the history described by the disciples in the Gospels, let him consider that, in harmony with the Gospel story of His Birth, a cave is shown in Bethlehem, where He was born, and the manger in the cave where He lay wrapped in swaddling clothes. And this is well known in those parts even by strangers to the Faith, namely that Jesus who is revered and adored by Christians was born in this cave" (As quoted by Dalman). Anciently there may have been several caves in or near Bethlehem, but the fact that the one mentioned by Origen contained a manger has been considered significant. It is probably the very one over which the present church has been erected. Some authorities believe Constantine's basilica underwent considerable remodeling in the days of Justinian (527-565), others believe the original structure still stands. Since the days of Justinian the building has, however, received changes at the hands of different authorities.

I SHALL not weary the reader with a long description of the church service we attended on Christmas Eve. The place was jammed with oriental worshippers and excessively warm. The pomp and ceremony, the monotonous chanting of the priests, the smell of incense and the stale odors that arose from perspiring bodies anciently or recently perfumed, added little to my spiritual fervor. At the midnight hour, bells rang out and the sound of them was transmitted by short wave radio to all parts of the Western world.

The clean, cool, sweet air that greeted us as we left the church was like a copious draught of cold spring water to a thirsty man. We all inhaled deeply of the exhilarating Palestinian breeze that played over the plains and hills where the shepherds still kept silent watch over their flocks. Then we went back to Jerusalem.

A Thought for the Season

By Anna B. Hart

AGAIN we are near the glad season when we commemorate the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. The streets and shop windows have taken on a festive air. The windows are fairylands of toys —anticipations keen. But how different are the reactions to Christmas; to one a time of joyous anticipation, to another a time of memories, of heart aches, to one the culmination of a year to another the beginning of life, to one an emphasis of poverty, to another a lavishing of gifts.

In spite of all the varied meanings which Christmas holds for us, this is a time of year when our lives touch on a common ground. At Christmas our world of present-day bewilderment becomes unified.

As our thoughts turn toward the One whom we are honoring at this season, we are at once impressed by the fulness with which He lived. Many were the experiences He gained in the bustling Galilee of His day. He knew the work of the people and their customs. He knew the shepherds, the tillers of the soil, the wealthy merchants, and the joy-makers at the wedding festival.

In the midst of this life of varied activities and service to others, Jesus did not omit cultivating friendships. His friends included people of all classes and all ages. His affection for little children is among the tenderest chapters in the history of our race.

The little group of His closest friends represented sufficient variety of background and experience to enable Him to appreciate the problems of life as they appear to people of all groups.

Jesus took long hours for intimate conversations even with people little known to him. He was always ready to talk with people about the law, their souls, their troubles, or even their physical ills. It is not strange that many of the teachings of Jesus in those leisurely conversations have come to us as an impressive part of his life's achievement.

CHRIST touched life in varied ways but all his experiences enriched and rounded him for his one ultimate interest—the Kingdom of God. He has given us his gift of eternal principles. He is our master guide who takes us through what would be a life of meaningless bewilderment and brings us to the journey's end in safety. It is by living as He did that we can live abundantly. Christ knew the real values of life, and guided his life toward them. These values to him were not considered in terms of years or even of a lifetime but in relation to eternity. Each deed took its proper place in his life's activities.

Perhaps Jesus would not approve of the material goal which many of us set up as an ideal. He would have us round out our lives with more enjoyment of the companionship of our friends and of the reflections which come from a better understanding of ourselves.

Few of the experiences that come to us possess adequate form, for we have neither the leisure

nor the opportunity to undertake them, or fully to "understand" them when undertaken, much less the desire or the ability to communicate them. Far too much of our lives is spent in purposeless activities which have no real significance for us and which bring no true enjoyment. We spend our lives in routine work interspersed by a hectic chase after fruitless pleasures and a happiness which disintegrates when we touch it. Our way is marked by piecemeal fragments of experiences, experiences which might have been valuable had we allowed them to take their course.

How was it that Christ made his life meaningful and significant? He is frequently described as hastening from the multitudes and even from the companionship of his disciples to enjoy the solitude and indulge in the reflection he seems to have loved so much. In quiet contemplation, away from the pressing cares of Galilee, he was able to see life in perspective and gain a clearer vision.

And yet it is true that Jesus accomplished more in this leisure than other men have ever done by applying themselves however strenuously to a life filled only with toil.

THE abundant life is in harmony with eternal forces because it is one guided by eternal principles. In the midst of the press of everyday existence, it is difficult to keep clearly before us that which we wish to make of our lives. We all wish to live abundantly, but in our attempt to do so, we often find ourselves rushing frenziedly about, engaging in pursuits which prove to be merely time-wasters, and which bring us no closer to a realization of our ultimate aims. Let us pause occasionally in our mad haste and evaluate our activities at their true worth.

Christ taught that true greatness consisted in service. He did not serve mankind by giving of money or this world's goods. He devoted much time to hearing and comforting the bodily ills and the mental distresses of all who would place their confidence in him. What prized gifts—these gifts of service! How much more of lasting value do we find in an occasional rare hour of real companionship than in the most expensive (and most useless) gift.

Jesus expected no gifts in return—no more than did the wise men and shepherds that first Christmas. The real joy comes from sharing what we have with others.

In ancient times it had been taken for granted that the superior should be served by the inferior. Into this world Jesus came—a world where most of the menial tasks were performed by women and slaves. He declared that true greatness consisted in using his greater strength to serve them; that the one who sought a lowly place where he might serve others was the God-like man.

I LIKE to remember that Christ taught women the secret of abundant living nineteen centuries ago. Woman's life is filled with the many activities of the day. Christ recognized her capacity and he also recognized her faith. When necessary he defended her and was always courteous and considerate of her.

It was to a woman he spoke these words of immortal significance to which past ages have

listened and future ages will listen: "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John 4: 14.)

Again the conversation of Jesus and Martha of Bethany at the grave of Lazarus might show that Jesus considered Martha capable of the brightest spiritual illumination when he said: (John 11: 25-26) "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Jesus recognized a woman's faith. There was the woman who touched his garment in the crowd, to whom he said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole". (Mark 5:34.)

And again he recognized an unusual faith in woman. This time her disease was of the soul for she was a sinner. "Thy faith hath saved thee" (Luke 7:50) indicates that complete moral and spiritual renewing had taken place within her.

Our records show Jesus dealing with the poor, the sick, the bereaved, the sinful and the outcast among women, and always thoughtful and courteous toward them all. But was it only when women were in need and he could serve them that he gave them his attention? Jesus was willing not only to minister unto women but to be ministered unto by them.

He healed the mother of Peter's wife "and she arose and ministered unto them". (Matthew 8: 15.)

Again (Luke 8:1-3): "And it came to pass afterward that he went throughout every city, and village preaching, and showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. And the twelve were with him; and certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, and Joanna the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto him of their substance."

We must remember that Jesus took with him on his preaching campaigns a company of women as he took a company of men: that having given them health of body and enlightenment of mind he did not hesitate to accept their ministry in material things. He recognized the ability of women to serve the world.

CHRIST gave us more than abundantly lived hours of leisure or contemplation. He doubtless felt the peace that also comes from communion with nature. He observed many overtones of life—the bleat of a lost lamb, a lily in the field, and reeds in the river shaken by the wind.

Will there be time this year in the rush of festive preparation for reflection—for acquaintance with our own lives, for companionship of friends and relatives? The voices of the angels were not heard through confusion but in the peaceful hours.

May we forswear all enmities and the distinctions that divide, that we may commit ourselves to living abundantly and building up peace on Earth and Good Will among men!

Giver's Gold

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

MYRA paused at the door of the ballroom with the ecstatic gasp of a surprised child. "Now aren't you glad I made you come? Did you ever see anything so perfectly gorgeous? Just like fairyland. They do make Christmas look so luscious these days—all this silver and blue. Come on, I want to dance and dance and dance."

Ned was not sharing her mood. He looked tired and a little worried. "I'll dance till I drop—and I'll probably do just that—if it will please you, he said, trying to meet her gaiety. "You look as though you belonged, at that. A gold fairy in a silver fairyland. Yes, you do look like a fairy—a brown-eyed, yellow-haired one, all done up in gold—er—"

"Tulle. I thought you'd trip yourself on all those words." Myra's eyes were already roaming about the hall, cataloging prospects for an exciting evening.

"—Tulle, then. I see I'm going to have to fight off the stag line. Here comes the first one."

The young man touched Ned's arm. "Dr. Marshall?"

Ned nodded.

"They want you at the hospital at once, sir. There's been an accident—a woman run down and seriously hurt, they said to tell you."

"Tell them I'll leave immediately. Myra, you understand, of course. I'm sorry. Oh, here comes North. Clem, I'll leave Myra in your willing hands."

Myra's face puckered like a slapped child's. "Ned! You promised you wouldn't let them bother you tonight.

Ned half turned. Already he was looking far past her, his boredom and tiredness burnt away by some inner flame of energy. "I know, Honey, but they wouldn't call unless they needed me. I'll take a taxi—leave you the car, just in case—" He was gone. And Myra was dancing in the arms of Clem North, her eyes bright with anger.

"Well, here I am, dumped unceremoniously on you. Do you mind?"

Clem North's experienced gray eyes, about even with the top of her smooth yellow head, caressed her. "Do I mind! Lady, when a glass of champagne is handed to a thirsty soul—does he mind? Myra, you're perfect tonight."

This was pleasant, like ointment on a bruise. But that didn't excuse Ned. She coddled her grievance warmly. "Here I'd planned on this club dance for weeks. Ned knew about it. I'd warned him I'd expect him to stay it out, and he promised. Now look at me! Don't I rate any consideration?"

Clem laughed maliciously. "You're a lovely little person, Myra, and you rate the whole world on a silk cushion. But you asked for this, now you've got it. You had a chance to take on a perfectly good lawyer—one of the best in town, if I do say it who shouldn't—and you engaged yourself to a doctor. You deliberately let yourself in for a life of spoiled dinners, canceled bridge dates, and telephone answering. Aren't you being just a bit inconsistent, kicking about it?"

This was quite unanswerable. Myra was sulkily silent.

They danced into a dim arc of shaded blue lights. The air was heady with the mixed perfumes of Christmas spruce, expensive cosmetics and the high odor of gardenias.

Clem bent his sleek head. "You're not married yet, you know, Darling. The offer still stands, for a limited time."

BEFORE the end of many dances Myra was well up the lower slopes of a high mountain of righteous indignation and self-pity. She glared at the modest diamond on her left hand. A link in a chain, a prison chain! That's all it was. Clem was right, oh, so right!

And it wasn't too late. There was still something she could do about it—right now, while her anger gave her courage. Ned had asked for it, with his total indifference to her rights. She found her coat, golden velvet, like the gold of her gown, and slipped out of the room. In the crowd, nobody noticed her.

"Dr. Marshall's car, please," she told the doorman, shivering in her excitement.

She brought the car to a defiant stop in the parking strip sacred to the doctors. She gathered her long golden skirts about her and ran into the hospital.

She knew where to go. The accident ward was on the first floor, right. Her gilt heels tapped the hard tiles insolently as Myra clicked down to the door of the receiving room and stopped, panting a little.

The door of the receiving room opened, and Ned came out. He looked strangely out of place in this stark, barren place, in his evening clothes. At any other time Myra would have felt a thrill of proprietary admiration for his dark good looks, the bony, tired distinction of his face, but now she thought of nothing on earth but the party he had walked out on, the one he had promised solemnly to let nothing interrupt. It stood like a tall symbol of the mountain of difference between them. All the girl's indignation rose to aid her.

"Myra! What on earth are you doing here?" Ned stared at her, as if he didn't quite recognize her.

That was the final touch. "This is what I'm doing here!" She twisted the ring from her finger with violent hands. "You can have this back. I'm not something to pick up and throw down again as your job happens to dictate. I'm a woman—a pretty woman—who wants to live a little while she's young."

He scarcely glanced at her. "Some other time, Myra, some other time," he said impatiently. Certainly his mind wasn't on what she was saying; but, even so, he accepted the ring mechanically and tucked it into his vest pocket just as the others followed him out of the room. A crisp nurse managed to conceal most of an amused smile as her alert glance went from the ring to the enraged girl! Standing by was a tall, bewildered, youngish man, his shabby hat still clutched in his thin hands. A very young interne, white-garbed, tried to look as important as possible. Myra hadn't expected an audience. She was annoyed, but too completely possessed of herself to be ashamed. She was certainly not sorry.

Ned spoke to the shabby young man, "We'll have to operate at

once, Mr. Carlson. It's her only chance." He turned to the nurse, "Get my things ready. Call Dr. Morgan. We'll operate immediately—the quicker the better." He remembered Myra again, briefly.

"You're just in time, Myra, to take the Carlson children home. They came up with their father, but he must stay while we operate. It may be—" he broke off, in consideration for the thin man who was near collapse.

A NURSE brought the children from a waiting room: a boy and a girl, perhaps ten and eight, with shaggy hair, big, wistful eyes, and thin faces. The drab, nondescript clothes were those worn by children of the poor. The nurse murmured with her impersonal brightness, "Run along now, children. Your mother is going to be all right. Miss—er—Miss— will take good care of you," and dismissed them entirely from her mind as she hurried to join Dr. Marshall down the hall.

Myra looked after them, quite literally speechless. Tears of enraged humiliation started to her eyes. Of all the—why, he hadn't said a word. He hadn't even looked at her. Oh, she was well rid of that ring, of that man, who could look at her and not see her.

She became aware of the two children beside her. Here she was with them foisted upon her without so much as a by-your-leave. Just another example of Ned's utter callousness where she was concerned. The children stared up at her fearfully, looking as utterly wretched as only frightened children can.

Myra felt a pang of pity for them. After all, they were not responsible for Ned's high-handedness. Grudgingly, she imitated the nurse's false brightness of manner. "Come on, children, this is no place for us. We'll go home and wait for your daddy." Then she remembered she didn't even know where "home" was.

But Jimmy, the ten-year-old, knew. Across the city to the other side of the tracks he guided Myra, to a humble, down-trodden little house. A tiny fire burning in the sitting room stove was putting up a losing fight to the cold that sifted in around the window frames, through the thin walls.

Myra shivered. So she was to freeze in addition to the rest. "You'd best get to bed at once, then," she advised, trying not to be short with the pathetic little things. "I'll stay right here until Dr. Marshall and your daddy come." Then added to herself, crossly, "Which, heaven permitting, will be soon."

Between unbuttoning dresses, fastening night clothes, reminding about toothbrushes, she learned the story. Common enough, she knew—but still, when you met it face to face—

The father had been ill. The mother had found work behind the Christmas counters of a huge department store. Not much, but enough to see the family through the worst of the winter. Coming home tonight the road had been slippery. A hurrying truck driver, impatient to get home and start his holiday, a woman in the street, too tired to be watchful! And now she was in the hospital fighting for the life that meant so much to these wide-eyed, anxious children.

They were in bed, finally, tucked under insufficient blankets in their icy bedroom. Myra returned to the but faintly warmer

sitting room, her temper not at all improved by her discomfort.

She glanced at her watch. At the club they would be pairing off for supper now. It wouldn't help her with Clem to be missing when he looked for her. Another score against Ned. Myra's impatient glance roved around the dimly-lit room, and riveted blankly on the worn settee.

There, fastened to each end of the couch with a large safety pin was a pair of limp, dangling stockings. Christmas Eve! Two stockings, waiting for a visit from Santa Claus!

MYRA shook her head impatiently. What of it? She needn't take over all the family's problems just because she had been accidentally marooned here with the two youngsters. After all, she had more than done her duty by them. She thought hungrily of the turkey supper—Cesare's incomparable trimmings—that she was missing.

But even as she did, she was turning in her mind the possible places to look for the Christmas cache. It was irritating, but Mr. Carlson might be away all night. She waited for a time, huddling near the feeble heat of the little stove. When she was quite sure the children were in that first heavy sleep, she opened the door of the other bedroom cautiously. Closet shelves were the time-honored hiding places of Santa Claus. Resolutely she began her search.

There was a box containing a doll, cheap, but bright enough with its pink face and crisp, blue dress. This for Susan, the girl, and a pair of roller skates for Jimmy. Lay-away tickets, with the tiny sums paid against them over a long period, were still attached. Myra's face burned as she noted them. Both poor little toys cost about as much as a pair of her own carelessly regarded silk stockings. She found a further package, some cotton handkerchiefs. Two for Jimmy, two for Susan. Search as she might, not another thing came to light.

Myra arranged these offerings in the stockings and stood back to look at them. Pretty meagre! Nothing much here to excite the shouts of joy that are every child's right on Christmas morning.

But there was nothing more. Reluctantly she returned to the post by the stove. The faint excitement of playing Santa Claus subsided, and her own bored discomfort possessed her again.

Myra closed her eyes, but closing her eyes did not shut out her thoughts. Suppose the mother didn't come back—ever. Suppose that in the cold gray of Christmas morning the man should come back to tell them—that! She pictured the children in their grief, looking out on this drab exhibition of Christmas. Her thoughts ran on. They ought to have their minds diverted by a tree, a perfectly lovely tree simply glittering with tinsel and lights, and little, half-hidden surprises of candy and small toys! They ought to have a tree like the one Mrs. James, the office manager at Uncle Robert's factory, had had just that afternoon for the girls. Why couldn't she—but no, that was the height of ridiculousness. One just didn't barge out on a freezing midnight and pluck Christmas trees out of dark, closed factories, even if the factory were just a couple of blocks away. There was no sense in getting all emotional and soggy over this affair. The sensible thing to do would be to stay here

as close to this miserable little fire as possible and try to ward off pneumonia till Ned or Mr. Carlson got back.

Yes, that would be the sensible thing to do. If only those children, dreaming shining visions behind that closed door could sensibly realize they couldn't possibly expect a lovely Christmas. If only they could sensibly face the morning and their mother's probable death, quite resigned to the doll, the roller skates—and nothing else. If only—tears blurred Myra's eyes. Quite wrathfully she hitched the collar of her coat around her chin and sneaked out of the house. She closed the door softly, and headed Ned's car toward the tall night outline of the factory.

SHE knocked at the big glass door of the place. Silent and dark, the big building towered above her. Myra's teeth chattered in the still cold. If only she could get in. Gus must be sleeping, to be away so long. She **must** get in, or freeze to death. Like a flash-back in a movie she had a momentary remembrance of Uncle Robert talking to Gus that very afternoon when she had come to pick him up in the car. "Gus, the hasp of that third basement window is weak. Attend to it." Gus had promised, but Gus wos old and forgetful.

Myra ran down the loading alley and dropped to her knees at the third basement window. Good old careless Gus! The hasp gave easily. Gilt slippers first, she slipped over the grimy sill—and bedlam and confusion broke loose in a thousand whirrs, burrs, bells and gongs. Myra clung to the sill, quite unable to move. Then she remembered. The burglar alarms, of course! She had set them off.

She dropped to the floor and raced for the stairs. Half way up strong arms hurtled themselves around her, pinning her to the spot. Suddenly the alarm bells stopped, lights went on all over the place.

"Why, Miss Myra!" Old Gus was struggling to take in the situation, "what you doin' here, this time of night?"

"Never mind about that," Myra implored, "I've got to get that tree and get back—before those children wake up."

In a rush of words she told him about the Carlsons. She led him to where the tree stood, in all its shining perfection. "Look," she pointed out, "still some of the candy canes and the toys the girls amused themselves with!"

It didn't take long to dismantle the tree and like virtue triumphant Myra drove away a few minutes later, practically immersed in Christmas.

THE old clock in the Carlson kitchen struck two as she was hanging the last silver bauble on the tree. "Good heavens," she thought, "the party's over!" She had spent the top of her evening on the tree. And quite curiously, the fact of the missed party passed from her mind at once, as something entirely negligible, while she stood back to gaze at her creation with the fond expression of a mother contemplating her only child. Ned and Mr. Carlson came in and stood near her.

"Is she—?"

They both smiled.

"I'm so glad,'" Myra murmured, and then demanded, "Isn't it lovely?"

The tall man's lips moved, the muscles of his throat convulsed.

"He's going to cry," Myra thought, horrified. "Think nothing of it," she cried hastily, gayly, "it's more fun than I've had in years, and really, it was no trouble at all—"

"No?" Ned remarked dryly, and his glance traveled over her, up and down.

Myra's followed it, with consternation. Her gilt shoes were scuffed and blackened. The gold tulle of her skirt was in shreds. One long smudge of soot, about the length of a window sill, blackened the beauty of the velvet coat.

"And there's soot on your nose," Ned informed her.

"Oh, dear," Myra said in a small voice, "I was so hungry, I was going to ask you to take me to a hamburger stand." She looked down at herself in naive surprise. "How could I forget to look at myself for that long!"

"How, indeed," Ned murmured. Then, "Come on. We'll get the sandwiches with, or without, the dirt. I could do with a couple myself."

He was carefully impersonal, a trifle too much on the courteous side. "He doesn't care how I look any more," Myra thought miserably, but kept her silence until they reached the stand and were waiting for their meat cakes to brown.

Then she looked at him. His eyes were ringed with black fatigue, there was weariness in every line of his face, but back of this was a curious light of peace, of satisfaction in a job well done, that made you know that after all, here was a soul refreshed.

"You've got it, too," she whispered.

"Got what? Not a dirty face, I hope," Ned countered lightly, refusing to be serious.

Myra disregarded this.

"That feeling. You look just the way I feel—all warm and exalted inside. As if you'd given a little bit of the clay of yourself—and it came back to you pure gold. Giver's gold!"

Ned glanced away, determined not to see her eager, luminous face. "Now you're going poetic on me," he said casually. Suddenly his voice was harsh. "Don't let the emotion of this thing sway you, Myra. It isn't all Christmas trees and sugar plums and nice warm feelings. It's hard work, most of it—and precious little thanks. You're overwrought, excited. Tomorrow you'll see things differently."

Myra smiled slightly. She had her share of blue shadows under tired eyes. She spread out her gown. "Do I look particularly excited, or sugar-plumy? And as for nice warm feelings, I'm just as frozen and tired as you ever were, Ned Marshall." Then she pleaded, "I've found something tonight, Ned, that you can help me keep. Will you—give it back?"

"That's right. I remember now. I'm a jilted man," he said coldly, and plucked the ring from his pocket to turn it on his palm.

Myra swallowed all her pride and held out her hand for it. "Oh, no, you're not. You're all engaged again. I'm going to make a marvelous doctor's wife, Darling." Her tone was light, but her brown eyes were deadly serious.

Jerry, the sandwich man, set two smoking plates before them. "Nice Christmas out, eh, folks?"

Beneath the counter Ned sought Myra's other hand and held it tightly. "A remarkable Christmas, Jerry, perfectly remarkable," he agreed fervently.

Ministry and Authority of the Early Apostles

President David O. McKay

(*Address, Relief Society Conference, Oct.* 4, 1938.)

IT is always a joy to me to meet with Relief Society Sisters on such an occasion as this, but when the assembly is thrilled with such beautiful music as that to which we have listened this morning, to be with you is truly an inspiration. I congratulate these musicians upon the excellent service they have rendered. I do not know that I have ever heard anything that seemed to impress me more deeply than the quartette and this string trio—it is good to be here.

When I accepted Sister Cannon's invitation to speak to the workers in the Theological Department of Relief Society, I had in mind meeting a group of officers and teachers especially engaged in that department work. I did not anticipate meeting such a large audience as this on the first day of conference. I congratulate you workers upon your response to the invitation of your leaders to study the ways and means of carrying on this great Relief Society work.

As announced my subject is: "The Ministry and Authority of the Ancient Apostles". The sisters of the Church are fortunate in having the privilege this year of studying the lives and teachings of these men. I can think of no subject that will bear greater fruit in interest and profit than the course which you have outlined.

This morning I am going to invite you first to become acquainted with these twelve men personally to such a limited extent as lies within our power to become acquainted with them, and, second, to consider their message as it was given to them by the Savior.

Chosen by Inspiration

The first important point to note is the prayerfulness with which Christ approached the choosing of His Twelve. If you will read in the sixth chapter of Luke from the twelfth to the sixteenth verses you will find there a very brief account of Christ's choosing the Twelve. The first verse, especially, is significant:

"And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." (There is a very clear exposition at once of two divine personages in the Godhead—God the Father to whom Christ prayed, God the Son who had the responsibility of establishing the gospel in the Meridian of Times and throughout all ages.) "And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples; and of them he chose Twelve, whom also he named apostles."

Significance of the Number Twelve

Some have asked whether the number twelve had any significance. Well, it has. The people to whom Jesus first came were the descendants of the twelve tribes of Israel. They were looking forward to an earthly king, as well as one who would stand at the head of these twelve tribes. Now it is not clearly stated anywhere in the scriptures whether Jesus chose the Twelve because there were twelve tribes of Israel, but the inplication is that He did. We find in secular literature the following:

"The apostles were twelve in number. The number was intended to be significant. Its import could not have been lost on the Twelve themselves when they were first called, or on the multitude who witnessed their election. Our Lord was evidently thinking of the twelve tribes of Israel. Though ten of the tribes had largely disappeared, the mission of the Messiah was to be to all the tribes of the nation. Hence the fitness of the number chosen by our Lord. There was one apostle for each Tribe. Nor should it be overlooked that the employment of this number was a fresh claim on the part of Jesus to be the Messiah. His disciples would argue this: 'Who but the Messiah could venture to create a body or group of twelve disciples only? Nobody had done so before, no prophet, not even the Baptist. Jesus then must be the Messiah.' "

Again we read: "Their number, corresponding to that of the Twelve tribes, shows that they are destined primarily to work among the children of Israel, to whom, accordingly, they made their first appeal in Jerusalem."

Now, if that were all we had, I would hesitate about even mentioning this, associating the number twelve with the twelve tribes, but if you will turn to the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 29, verse 12, you will find the following:

"Again, verily, verily, I say unto you, and it hath gone forth in a firm decree, by the will of the Father, that mine apostles, the Twelve which were with me in my ministry at Jerusalem, shall stand at my right hand at the day of my coming in a pillar of fire, being clothed with robes of righteousness, with crowns upon their heads, in glory even as I am, to judge the whole house of Israel, even as many as have loved me and kept my commandments, and none else."

I think we need not pause longer on the significance of the number. It is a fact that that number was chosen, the group consisted of twelve, that it was so during Christ's ministry among men. As far as we can find in the Acts of the Apostles it continued to be so. It is very difficult to find out whether every vacancy that occurred was filled, thus continuing the exact number of twelve, but we do know that the first vacancy made by Judas Iscariot was filled before the work was taken up, and we can readily infer that that policy was continued throughout the ministry of the Twelve, at any rate in this dispensation the Lord again chose twelve, and He also chose twelve from among the Nephites; so it would seem that there is some significance to the number as it relates to the Council.

Names of Twelve First Chosen

Now, as you are going to study about them, it is well to get acquainted with them as best we can. If you read one account, you will find certain names; you read another and you find other names; you read a third, and you will have still a different list.

Follow me now, just for a moment. Luke tells us that the first apostle the Savior chose was Simon, the son of Jona. Simon, son of Jona, was the name by which he was best known among his associates, but Christ called him Cephas, which in the Hebrew means rock or stone, and in the Greek the meaning of stone or rock is Petras, or Peter. It is significant that the Savior recognized in Peter that rock-like, granite-like quality, and his "wavering" later did not belie that character.

Andrew was his brother. These men were fishermen.

James and John were sons of Zebedee; their mother's name was Salome, and she was proud of her boys. James and John were known as the "Sons of Thunder". One illustration in the Bible tells us that when Jesus and the Twelve came through Samaria at one time, they were treated with disrespect to such an extent that James and John rebelled against the treatment and said, "Lord give us power to call down fire from Heaven and destroy them." Not the loving nature usually attributed to John, is it? As a matter of fact, he was a fearless man, unyielding for the right. James became the first martyr of the Church, and there he showed his magnificent character. Old Herod set his enmity and revenge upon James. James was betrayed by one of the soldiers, who, as he looked upon James and saw his character, repented, so tradition tells us, asked forgiveness and died with the first great martyr. There are several James names, so keep this one in mind—James the son of Zebedee, brother of John the Beloved. He was James the Great, chosen as one of the first Twelve.

Philip is next. Philip was a native of Bethsaida of whom little is known. Tradition says he preached in Phrygia and died in Hierapolis. He is not the Philip who preached the gospel in Samaria (Acts 8:5).

Bartholomew is next. Bartholomew undoubtedly is the same as Nathanael, whom Philip sought when Philip first became acquainted with the Savior, and Bartholomew is undoubtedly the Nathaniel, in referring to whom Jesus said "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile."

Matthew the Publican, as he styles himself, was the son of Alphaeus. We do not know whether that Alphaeus was the father of James or not. If so, they were brothers, but we cannot determine. Matthew was the son of Alphaeus, and as a Collector of Customs at Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee became known as "The Publican". He associated with the common people, who were looked down upon by the Jews. He was also known as Levi.

Thomas, surnamed "Didymus" which means a twin, was also chosen at this time.

Now we come to those whose identity it is a little difficult to determine. Another James, known as "James the Less" to distinguish him from James the son of Zebedee, was also a son of Alphaeus. Alphaeus was a common name, so he might not be the same as Matthew's father. James "the Less" must not be confused, however, with James the brother of the Lord. You cannot find anywhere that James "the brother of the Lord" was sustained as one of the Twelve. It cannot be proved, but he might have been chosen to succeed James the Great, I do not know. If he did not believe at first in the divine mission of his brother, he did accept Him after the resurrection, and that is one of the points I wish to mention later. "James the Less" is not the author of the "Epistle according to James". The author of this Epistle was the Lord's brother who sat in the council in Jerusalem when the primitive church was threatened with destruction over some question about Jews and Gentiles.

Following "James the Less" we have Simon the Zelotes, or Simon the Canaanite, both are the same; in fact, the Canaanite is the Aramaic word for Zealot, so Simon the Zealot was probably, before he met Jesus, a member of the sect of the Zealots, a sort of voluntary ecclesiastical po-

lice to see that the law was not broken with impunity. We know very little about him, he is the least known of the Twelve Apostles.

Then we come to Judas, or Jude. Do not confuse him with another Judas, for we have two in the Twelve. Judas was the brother of James. Now this man was called Lebbaeus and also Thaddaeus. Authorities are not agreed whether he is the same as our Lord's brother Judas, author of the Epistle of Jude.

Then finally we come to Judas Iscariot—Judas of Kerioth.

Great Men Profitable Company

It is said "Great men" (and I will add great women also) "taken up in any way are profitable company. We cannot look, however, imperfectly upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native, original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

I am congratulating you upon the opportunity that is yours during the coming year to be in the radiance of these living light-fountains. Peter was a fisherman, so was Andrew, so were James and John, I believe Nathanael was; Judas Iscariot was not. I think Simon the Zealot was not, but they were humble men. Matthew was a Collector of Customs. Why call these men great? Few men in our community are more humble than these men were, and yet here, face to face, we are talking about the benefit of mingling with great men. I will tell you why they were great—simply because they accepted the teachings and ideals of Jesus Christ. They were not great in the realm of finance; they were not great politically; they were not great authors, but in the realm of character they were supremely great, and that is encouraging to me, and to you and to your husbands and your sons. No occupation is so humble, no labor so common as to prevent a man from entering into that realm of true greatness. The only reason the apostles are known to the world today is because of their loyalty to Christ and His Gospel. If it had not been for that they would have been unknown, submerged in the great sea of humanity, just as a rock thrown into the sea is gone forever.

Apostles Ordained and Qualified

Now what about the ministry of the Twelve? We are told that they were ordained and set apart. The inference in Matthew is that the Savior not only ordained them, or authorized them, but He qualified them—note that—He qualified them to have power over unclean spirits. over diseases, over those spirits which were troubling the people, and sent them forth authoritatively commissioned to represent Him, the Author of Life. Two great objectives He set clearly before these Twelve. If you will read in Matthew, chapter ten, you will find there the instructions given to the Twelve when Christ first sent them out.

Specific and General Commissions

Now here you will have to study carefully, and it might not be so interesting to you, but you who would like to follow it, I would suggest this: that you will note the first commission Christ gave related to

a temporary mission, and that will be covered from the fifth to the fifteenth verses. "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." See how he circumscribed them! In effect He said: That is your mission now, only to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, not to the Samaritans who are looked upon with distrust by the Jews because they turned away from the teachings of Judah. No Samaritan was to receive the gospel under the first commission.

The second part is found from the sixteenth to twenty-third verses. This relates more to the gospel ministry of that time. Here Jesus refers to some of the principles general in application—one of them is "lose yourself for the good of others."

Then the third part from verses twenty-four to forty-two, Christ gave the wider application, anticipating the call that is given to you by sister Cannon this morning, "Go ye and teach all nations." This was given after His death and after His resurrection. Note the difference. First an immediate mission, second a gospel of general application, and third a universal assignment with a promise. Upon them he placed the responsibility of carrying the gospel to the world. These instructions the Twelve carried out specifically, and at first held strictly to their calling that they must go only to the Jews and not to the Gentiles.

First Commission to Proclaim the Gospel

After Christ was crucified, Peter and the others carried on the work, and they refrained, even then, from going to the Samaritans or to the Gentiles. You remember that God sent to Peter a vision of a sheet that came down from heaven, and on it was forbidden meat. In the vision the angel said: "Rise, Peter, Kill and eat," and he said: "I have not eaten anything that is unclean," and while he had the vision there were knocking at the door two messengers from Cornelius, a leader of a Roman band (not a brass band, as one Sunday School teacher said), a leader of the Centurians—one hundred soldiers. Note that this came to Peter, who was head of the Twelve, and not to Paul. Paul was the apostle of the Gentiles, but when the gospel went to the Gentiles it was given through the organized authority of the church. So Peter, guided by the messengers, went into the house of a Gentile, a Roman Centurian, contrary to the Jewish practice. Now that was not easy for a Jew to do, and he sat down and ate with them, and do you know how he became convinced that he was doing right? He perceived that Cornelius had the Holy Ghost as well as he, the one exception in the New Testament where the Holy Ghost is given before baptism. Seeing this, Peter said: "Can any one deny baptism to these who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we."

That first commission of Christ's when Peter was chosen, remained with him even up to that day. Then it began to dawn on him, and it dawned on Paul and others, that there was significance in the commission of Christ to them: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. . . . And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

That was their ministry—to bear witness to the divinity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to Jews first, then to

Samaritans and Gentiles and to everyone; and here let me say, sisters, that as sure as you are sitting here contemplating the beautiful things of the Gospel, and your work in the Relief Society, so sure is it that there will be no other plan in this world that will bring peace and happiness to mankind, only through obedience to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. With all my soul I bear you that witness.

Special Witnesses of the Resurrection

The second duty of the apostles was to bear witness to the reality of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. That seems simple to you and me, because we have accepted it since babyhood, but it is not simple to the world today. Millions reject it. There are professors here in our midst who are implanting in the minds of our boys and girls that the resurrection was not a reality. I know whereof I speak, and so do you mothers know. Today we are discussing the ministry of the Apostles, and one of the chief duties of these Twelve was to bear witness to the reality of Christ's resurrection from the dead. I would like to apply that to Relief Society work a little later.

Now just a sentence or two to prove that. Note what Peter said when the eleven met after Judas had killed himself. They had passed through some of the most trying experiences, discouragement and doubt. "Wherefore of these men", said Peter "which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, Beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained *to be a witness with us of his resurrection.*" "The man whom you choose to take Judas' place must be one who will be a witness with us of the resurrection." There is a commission! There is no theory about it, it is a reality.

Shortly after that Peter and John passed a lame man sitting at the temple gate. He had been carried there from babyhood, and day after day from boyhood to manhood had begged alms from those who went into the temple. Holding out his hand he asked Peter and John for alms. Peter answered: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And the man, lame from his mother's womb, so the Bible tells us, sprang to his feet and walked with them into the temple. This was known throughout Jerusalem.

For this act, and for preaching "resurrection from the dead," Peter and John were arrested and placed in prison. Next day they were brought before the High Priests, who asked, "By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?" That is one of the most magnificent scenes in all history. Picture Peter and John, prisoners, facing dignified, robe-bedecked, prejudiced judges some of whom perhaps had participated in sending Christ to his death, and who might not hesitate to sentence, if possible, Peter and John to the same fate. There stood the man healed though he had been lame from birth. The apostles were commanded to tell by what power this miracle had been wrought, and in an atmosphere impregnated with prejudice, Peter boldly declared:

"Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth

this man stand here before you whole.

"This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.

"And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it.

"But when they had commanded them to go aside out of the council, they conferred among themselves,

"Saying, What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it.

"But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name.

"And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus.

"But Peter and John answered and said unto them: Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.

"For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." (Acts 4:10-18).

Paul's Testimony

I want to bring to your attention another testimony concerning the reality of the Resurrection. It is given by Paul. He, too, was an apostle, though you cannot find that he was ever sustained as one of the council. By the way, there are apostles who are not members of the council. I think there were in that day, at least they were considered to be apostles. In one instance, for example, Paul and Barnabas are referred to as "these apostles". As far as we know Barnabas was never an apostle. The point I am making is that a man may be an apostle but not one of the Council of the Twelve. We have had that in our day. John W. Young was ordained an apostle February 4, 1864, but he was never a member of the Council of the Twelve from that time to the day of his death. Daniel H. Wells was sustained as a counselor to the Twelve Apostles, and I have heard President Grant say no wiser counselor ever lived in this Church or in the United States than Daniel H. Wells. He was not, however, sustained as a member of the quorum, nor as an apostle, but just counselor to the Twelve. Brigham Young, Jr., was ordained as an apostle by his father on February 4, 1864, but he did not become a member of the Council of the Twelve until October 1868, when he was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by George A. Smith. Today Brother Sylvester Q. Cannon has been ordained an apostle, but is not sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve.

Now, whether Paul was a member or whether he was not, we are not going to say, but he was an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a witness of His resurrection. This is what he wrote deliberately to a group of saints known as Corinthians: "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures: And that he was seen of Cephas (Peter) then of the twelve;

after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God."

Christ's Message Applied

Sisters, an apostle's duty as commissioned is to be a special witness of the Lord Jesus Christ, to bear witness to His doctrine, of its effect upon mankind.

How will a study of such men and their mission apply to you? By applying their teachings in your lives. One of these was to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to comfort those who mourn—to lose yourself for the comfort of others. Do you remember that beautiful lesson when Christ said:

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

"Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

"When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee?

"Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Sisters, what greater comfort can you give to the mother who stands at the side of a little baby dying than the realization that Christ died to bring to mankind the knowledge that death is but the doorway to eternal life. If you feel that in your hearts, I cannot think of any greater comfort. You can make soft the pillow, you can dry the tears, but you comfort the heart when you radiate the testimony that there is no death. Mothers might cry out, as one did to me, "Oh, if I only knew that." Well, it is our duty to know it, and these apostles about whom you are going to study gave their lives in testimony of that great truth.

God bless you—you who are going out to comfort the needy, to bless those who are discouraged, to give succor to those who are in distress. God help you that you may know that everlasting truth which Christ gave to these apostles and to the world, that, "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also."

I humbly pray that this testimony may be ours.

Santa With a High Hand

By Mabel S. Harmer

STEPHEN, overcoated and mufflered to meet the challenge of the brisk December morning, had all but reached the front door when the telephone rang. He glanced back at it with a look of annoyance on his face and half decided to ignore it. But the telephone refused to be ignored so Stephen went over, jerked it up and called "Hello" in an almost resentful voice. His tone and facial expression underwent a remarkable change, however, when he heard the answering voice. Had Elinor Fabian called him from his first meal after a ten day hunger strike, he still would have been delighted to talk with her.

"How are you?" he called cheerily. "I was just going to give you a ring to see if you would lunch with me today."

"Never mind," came the answer in tones that bordered on the depths of woe. "Those children have come."

"What children? I didn't know that you had ordered any children."

"I didn't order them," she replied coldly, "and if you have to be facetious about it, I'll hang up."

"Oh no, don't do that," he cried in alarm. "Tell me all about it. No, wait a minute—I'll run over.

Five minutes later he was being ushered into Elinor's apartment. He found her in the throes of trying to fasten an apparently unlimited number of leggings, caps and galoshes onto two, small, wriggling children. "David and Nancy," she said, "Mr. Stephen is our neighbor and perhaps if you are very good you may go over and play in his yard for a while."

"How do you do," said David, putting out a small mittened fist. Nancy only stared with wide, brown eyes.

"How do you do," Stephen answered smiling. "I hope you'll like my yard and will come often."

"May we build a snowman?" David asked with sudden interest.

"A dozen if you like."

"Run along now," Elinor interrupted, starting them toward the door, "and be sure that you don't go far away." She closed the door behind them and leaned against it as if for support.

"May I suggest a chair?" said Stephen dryly.

"It isn't funny," answered Elinor, throwing him a withering look. "They're Helen's children and I'm afraid they've come to stay."

"Who might Helen be?"

"My cousin. I thought perhaps you remembered her. She used to come here as a child. She and her husband were killed in an automobile accident a year ago. The children have been with the grandmother since then but it seems that she has developed a cough or something and has gone to Arizona. The cough is bound to be permanent and I'll have them here for good." She threw out her hands in a gesture of despair.

"She's l o v e l y—even now," thought Stephen irrelevantly. The slightly flushed cheeks and blue-grey eyes, darkened by emotion, only added to her beauty. Her fair hair, drawn back into a

classical knot, was as smooth and shining as if it had just been arranged for an evening party. Aloud he said, "Poor little tykes. It's rather hard for them to lose both father and mother and not be wanted by anyone in particular now."

"It isn't that I don't want them," Elinor answered quickly. "They're adorable children and I would love to have them, but I don't think it's fair that I should have to be burdened with them now when I have given up everything else for my career. I have just now reached a point where they are giving me important roles on the radio. I may have a chance at national broadcasting soon, but how can I practice if I have to spend all my time running around with bowls of milk and cod liver oil!"

STEPHEN walked over and sat down beside her on the couch. "Do you love me, Elinor?" he asked gravely, taking one of her slim white hands in his own.

"Why, yes. Of course I do," she answered in a rather matter-of-fact tone.

"Then why don't you chuck the broadcasting and marry me, and you and the children live in my big house. There has hardly been a time in a hundred years when there haven't been children sliding down the bannisters and tumbling about in the old garden."

"Don't be ridiculous," Elinor cried, snatching her hand away. "Why in the name of reason should I throw away the thing that I have been working for years to obtain in order that children might be kept sliding up and down your bannisters?"

It was Stephen's turn now to flush with anger. "I wasn't aware that you regarded my love as ridiculous," he cried standing up.

Elinor stood up too, the flash from her grey eyes matching the fire from his darker ones. "It is ridiculous for you to insist upon hanging on to that big house in this day and age and to suppose that I could spend all of my time keeping up its silly antiquated traditions. If you would be reasonable and give it up I might think differently about marrying you."

Stephen seized his hat. "Do you realize that my great-grandmother came to that house as a bride?" he asked in a tense voice. "Four generations of Trents have lived in that house. Every room is full of cherished memories for me."

"If you would rather live in that old house with your great-grandmother's ghost than in a smart modern apartment with me, there is nothing more to say," Elinor replied stonily.

Stephen had one more thing to say, however, and pausing at the door he flung back the words, "You are an utterly selfish and self-centered woman."

SO he and Elinor had quarreled at last with complete and terrible finality. For twenty years now they had been quarreling off and on about trivialities that were usually forgotten overnight. He had called her selfish and self-centered, and so she was—filled with indignation because she had two orphan children to give her time to instead of giving it to her everlasting radio work. He hunched up his shoulders to draw his coat collar closer about his neck and hurried down the last block before he reached the office.

During the next two weeks he saw nothing whatever of Elinor which hurt him more than he

would ever have imagined. He made it a point to become very friendly with the children, however, who played about in the snow daily, coming into the house at frequent intervals to warm their feet at the great fireplace in the living room and to be fed cinnamon toast by Mrs. Jennings, the housekeeper.

Stephen refrained scrupulously from asking them anything about Elinor, but he gained from their chatter that she "studied most of the time." Physically they were being well taken care of, but Stephen thought that he saw a wistful look about their faces which bothered him. Elinor had no business letting mites of four and five grow wistful even if she was by way of becoming a celebrity in the radio world. After a time they stopped playing on his lot altogether, and he suspected that she had given orders to that effect, and he grew more resentful than ever toward her.

AS Christmas time drew near Stephen's only attempt toward creating an atmosphere of festivity was the hanging of wreaths in the windows. He would have liked to trim a Christmas tree. The corner in the living room where one had stood during his childhood seemed to shriek its barrenness, but he decided that a bachelor of 27, living alone in a house with a couple of servants, would probably be considered feeble-minded if he went about hanging tinsel on a tree without some sort of a legitimate excuse. If only Elinor—but Elinor was completely out of the picture.

He read in the papers that she was taking the leading role in the drama to be broadcast Christmas Eve over a national network. So her ambitions were to be realized at last. She was to be heard over a national system and would probably get the kind of contract she wanted, for Elinor was exceptionally good.

He told himself a dozen times that he would not listen to the broadcast which was scheduled for nine o'clock and would have left the house in order to make sure that his decision held good if there had been any place for him to go.

He took a book and sat down by the fireplace in the living room with his back turned resolutely to the radio. The book was strangely uninteresting. He jumped to his feet in a hurry when the bell rang and gave a gasp of surprise when he found small David and Nancy standing outside, their wraps donned in a haphazard manner.

"Hello, young people," he said in tones of hospitality. "Won't you come in?" and Stephen ushered them into the living room where they sat down and began looking about intently.

"You haven't a tree either," said David, gazing hard at Stephen with accusing brown eyes.

Stephen looked properly guilty. "Well, no—that's right, I haven't," he apologized. "To tell the truth I have been very busy and—"

"So has Aunt Elinor," David interrupted. "She has been too busy to get a tree or to help us write a letter to Santa Claus or anything. Last year we had a big tree at Granny's and went right down town and told Santa Claus what we wanted and he bringed every bit, but now he doesn't even know where we are." David seemed very close to tears as he

detailed the desperateness of their situation.

"By the way," Stephen asked, "did Aunt Elinor say that you might come over here tonight?"

"No," Nancy answered. "She was busy and said 'on no account to 'sturb her.' So we put on our things and commed alone." David added, "We thought that maybe you would have a tree."

"We can get a tree," said Stephen suddenly. "There are lots of them down town yet. And I have all kinds of red balls and things in a box up in my attic. Shall we go find one?"

"Oh, yes!" both children cried in tones of such joy mingled with relief that Stephen felt his throat tighten. As he was putting on his overcoat he glanced at the hall telephone and then at the clock. A quarter of nine. There was no use phoning Elinor now. She would already be on her way to the studio. Besides "on no account must she be disturbed." Stephen's lips curled as he thought of her words. He would call her later when the broadcast was over and the tension relieved.

PILING both children into the front seat of the car with him he started out to look for a tree. They selected one in a hurry and laid it on the fender of the car.

"And now shall we go home and trim it?" Stephen asked gaily.

"If we could find Santa Claus first," Nancy said, "I'd like to tell him that I want a doll with a pink dress this year."

"And I need a new train," David added. "We didn't even bring the old one along."

"You sit right here in the car and I'll run in that store and telephone," Stephen said quickly. "I'm pretty sure to catch the old gent if I hurry."

Stephen reached the door just as it was about to be locked. "Sorry, sir, we're just closing," said the proprietor.

"Not yet, you aren't," Stephen said, stepping aside. "I've got to get some toys if I have to get them at the point of a gun."

"Well you needn't be so high-handed about it," was the weary retort.

"Sorry," smiled Stephen. He could afford to smile now that he was safely inside. "But in an emergency Santa has to use a high hand. I want a doll with a pink dress, and a train and a bunch of these things over here." He walked over to a table filled with mechanical toys and picked up several at random.

A few minutes later he stowed the bundles in the rear of the car unnoticed by the children who were very much engrossed in staring wide eyed at the myriad lights and holiday decorations. "I fixed it up all right with Santa," he said as he climbed in beside them once more.

The children beamed happily, seeming to feel that their problems were now in capable hands. When they arrived home, the tree was set up and trimmings were hung upon it plentifully if not too artistically.

"You must go home now," said Stephen, catching Nancy in the middle of a huge yawn. "I'll finish the tree and you can come over early in the morning to see it."

"We're not going home," said David briefly but decisively.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Stephen. "What would Aunt Elinor think about that?"

"She wouldn't care. Besides there isn't any tree there and

Santa Claus has to leave presents under a tree. We're going to stay here. Maybe we'll always stay here," he concluded.

"Well, on second thought maybe that wouldn't be a bad idea," Stephen conceded, "only you must go to bed right now or Santa Claus will think you are staying up all night and won't stop at all."

This was sufficient to start them off and they scampered upstairs ahead of Stephen where they were soon undressed and tucked beneath covers.

SMILING to himself, Stephen was about to finish trimming the tree when the door was suddenly flung open and Elinor stepped inside, white-faced and distraught.

"They're gone," she gasped. "I've searched all over for them. I've even called the police. You must help me find them."

Stephen looked at her in silence for a moment. So she did have a heart after all. She wasn't entirely centered in the career of the beautiful and talented Elinor Fabian. Then to relieve her distress he said simply, "They're here."

For an instant relief flooded her face and then she turned on him furiously. "Oh, why didn't you call me?" she cried. "I've been half frantic all evening."

"Well to tell the truth," Stephen answered, half amused at her anger, which he realized was only the result of the relief she felt, "I was going to, but it was nearly nine when I learned that my guests were runaways, and I thought that you would have left for the studio by then."

"I didn't go." Elinor, exhausted, sank down onto the stairway.

"You didn't go to the studio tonight?" Stephen stared at her incredulously.

"No, of course I didn't go. I discovered the children were missing just as I was about to leave and I have been searching ever since. I didn't think that they would come here. I—I had told them not to any more," she confessed, looking away from his earnest dark eyes.

"But what about the play?" he persisted, sitting down beside her.

Elinor shrugged. "There's always an understudy and the play didn't really matter." She looked up at him again. "Where are they? I must get them home and hang up the stockings. I have stacks of presents for them. I really hadn't forgotten them entirely," she finished with a wistful smile.

"They're in bed and probably asleep by now," said Stephen, "but you can bring your offerings over here and if you come over real early in the morning you can see them get their presents. They'll probably be so excited that they'll slide down the bannisters. You know there's something very fascinating about children sliding down bannisters."

"I'm sure there is," Elinor conceded with a sigh of complete satisfaction as Stephen gathered her close in his arms. "Wasn't I a fool to turn away from the real thing for the make-believe?"

"Terribly foolish," Stephen agreed happily, "but terribly sweet."

Richard L. Evans

By Marba C. Josephson

RICHARD L. EVANS' appointment to the First Council of the Seventy at the semi-annual conference, October, 1938, comes as a tribute to his adherence to the principles which his mother, Florence Neslen Evans, implanted in his heart and mind. Without an understanding of the mother who held her family together in love and truth after her husband, John Alldridge Evans, was killed when Richard, the youngest, was only ten weeks old, we cannot fully appreciate the accomplishments of this young man.

In his own words when he was called to this position, he bore testimony to her qualities when he said:

"If I had been of a mind to turn back I should have done it at my mother's knee. I should have done it before she taught me to pay out my first few pennies in tithing. I should have done it before her firm and gentle hand directed my steps into the ways of truth. . .

"My own father died as the result of an accident when I was ten weeks old. My mother reared a family of nine children, all of whom at that time were under eighteen. With a meager and unreliable income, she immediately sent my eldest brother on a mission. Such faith as that, in the home in which I was reared, could produce only one result, and the result is that all of my nine brothers and sisters have come up through the program of the Church to be a credit to my mother and to all that the Church stands for."

Further tribute comes to her in a letter which was written by one of her daughters-in-law from which the following excerpts are quoted:

"I want you to know how much I have always enjoyed the rich hospitality of your home—a place where young people, frequently from homes of greater luxury, have always loved to congregate.

"I appreciate the delicate, respectful consideration you extend to the privacy of your married children's affairs. And thank you, too, for those deep religious principles and convictions which you made so naturally a part of your children's lives.

"I thought pleasantly of you and your family recently when a 'modern' woman was telling critically of a mother she knew who had actually paid tithing on her meager income. I imagine your children will outlive this sacrifice. But how irreparable the loss if you had not sacrificed for the molding of their immortal souls. But your children felt that they gave up nothing to pay tithing. They were merely stewards of God's holy tenth when it came into their hands. It belonged to them no more than it did after they had returned it to Him. And they had the strength of being partners with Him in a great and powerful work.

"There were thoughts I would like to have made audible to you on the night of your golden wedding anniversary—but as usual I didn't say them. I think that the newspaper picture of you and your husband was the only Golden Wedding anniversary picture I ever saw published when one of the two was dead. It seemed to me that there was a particular fitness about it. I think no one ever kept alive in a home more perfectly the spirit of her mate. Your certainty and ever-present conscious conviction seems to have grown right into every one of your children; so, again, I have you to thank that such faith touches my life and goes before my children.

"From the priceless foundation for a happy home and marriage given through being reared in the radiant glow of your beautiful romance with its never-failing devotion, each child has carried with him a torch of living fire which kindles the hearthstone of each new home."

IN this home, Richard L. Evans with his four brothers and five sisters, was taught devotion to the Gospel, a devotion that has borne fruit in continued service to the Church, beginning with ward activities as an auxiliary and Priesthood member and continuing as Sunday School teacher, a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. superintendency, a missionary to Great Britain, and as a

RICHARD L. EVANS

member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

While Elder Evans was on his mission to Great Britain, he was called to serve as associate editor of the *Millennial Star* under both Dr. James E. Talmage and Dr. John A. Widtsoe. He also served as secretary of the European Mission and as such traveled extensively in Europe from the northernmost countries in the Arctic circle to the southernmost on the Mediterranean Sea.

In his home, he was taught industry, an industry which meant he would work at such diverse occupations as newspaper boy, soda foun-

tain clerk, truck driver, traveling salesman, and surveyor. This industry taught him the value of time and effort, indispensable qualities for those who would achieve. His industry was to be rewarded by his rapid rise from an announcer at KSL radio station to production manager, supervisor of announcers, and director of publicity. He also organized the continuity and production departments of KSL. At the present time he is Director of Special Features and is identified with such notable events as the speed runs on the Bonneville salt flats, as the introducer of special guests, and as the continuity writer and announcer for the weekly Sunday morning broadcasts of the Tabernacle choir, a program which is listened to eagerly by tens of thousands of coast-to-coast listeners.

Into his own home he has carried the same ideals which he learned from his mother. He chose his wife carefully, Alice Thornley, a woman who has the same standards and the same fine purpose which has prompted her husband in his endeavors, whose home life paralleled his. To them have been born two sons, Richard L. Evans, Jr., three and one-half years old, and John Thornley Evans, eight months old.

Although Richard L. Evans is young in years, having been born March 23, 1906, he is seasoned in his outlook on life because of his wide and varied experiences; he is trained to cope intelligently with situations, having been graduated from the University of Utah with a Bachelor's degree in English and a Master's degree in Economics; he is able to meet unusual and unforeseen conditions which arise because of his exceptional sense of humor, which combined with his idealism, his realism, makes for real wisdom.

DECEMBER

By Della Adams Leitner

The transient year is ending, joy and grief
Tied in the sheaf which time has bound secure.
All that it gave of value shall endure,
Love, hope, incentive, effort and belief.
Beneath its snowy mantle lies concealed
Abundant life quiescent. Who can know
The alchemy transpiring there below
The crust that covers meadow, hill and field?

December, you are kind; your bleak, chill days
Are but a mask to hide your glowing heart.
You bring to us that season set apart
For self-forgetting, as the Christ we praise
Through loving gifts and deeds and so fulfill
The angels' song of "Peace on earth, good will."

Christmas Is For Happiness

By Bernice Fagg Pond

ONCE again the busy hustle-bustle of the Christmas season is upon us. If we haven't yet a collection of knobby, tissue-wrapped packages hidden under unmentionables in the chiffonier drawer, we at least have a mental picture of the contents-to-be of the packages, and are doing the planning and budget manipulating necessary to make the dream picture a reality.

Our planning, of course, goes beyond a few tinsel-tied bundles in a drawer, to include all the festive things that bring the holiday spirit into our homes. No stage director has a more delightful job than have homemakers during this season, for just how much of the real spirit of Christmas the family is going to get out of the celebration depends largely upon how the stage is set.

Just as soon as possible, choose the stage for your Christmas drama. Should you have a large house, make one room the Christmas room for a few weeks.

It is gay to remove from your Christmas room everything that possibly can be moved which is associated with the regular routine of your lives. Let the children help you move things, as well as select a tree that is right for the space available.

SHOULD the youngsters think they are tired of the green tree and vari-colored decorations and lights, let them experiment a little this year. The silver tree that is decorated with bright blue baubles and blue lights has been in favor for several years. A golden tree decorated with green lights and green baubles is lovely, and is that "something different" for which you may be looking. The green tree with lightly frosted branches gives a pleasing effect. And, silvering, gilding, and frosting are very easily done at home.

For the gilding, or silvering, you will need the regular radiator paint, in gold or silver, and a good spray gun. Do a little experimental spraying until you get the knack of it. Then be sure to start spraying the trunk of the tree and inside branches first, if you want a complete job.

The white frosting for the Christmas tree is made with white hot water kalsomine mixed according to directions on the package, and applied by slapping lightly onto the branches with a brush.

As you realize, a drying period is necessary for any one of these processes, so it is well to get your materials together early. But, lovely as these gilded trees are, we must remember that a gilded tree ordinarily does not hold up as well as an ungilded one. If you do the work too long ahead, you may be dismayed by falling needles.

The tree, glittering with baubles, shining with tinsel, bound with silver icicles, will have the center of the stage in your Christmas room, but you will want holly garlands, and mistletoe, and fat red candles there, also. These are symbols of Christmas, and add to the spirit of celebration. The star, the sheep and shepherds, the wise men and their camels, the stable with the cradle-manger, and a picture of our Savior, should have important places in our Christmas room, because they lead our thoughts to the real meaning of Christmas.

SYMBOLIZING that early time when three wise men, guided by a star, came from Chaldea and brought gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh and laid them at the feet of the Babe born in the manger, we exchange gifts at Christmas time. Some of the most treasured gifts received are things you cannot hold in your hands.

One of the richest gifts a child can receive, is a love for good books, for reading. The Christmas season furnishes a worthwhile opportunity for the family, as a group, to go over each member's favorite Christmas stories. A Christmas scrapbook, in which the best Christmas stories and poems clipped from magazines are pasted, can be added to and referred to each year with delight. Some of the most popular stories in our family have come from the pages of old, bound volumes of the Church magazines. Charles Dickens, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Henry Van Dyke have given us some unforgettable Christmas scenes. But there is always one story that is best on Christmas Eve, no matter how many times before or after Christmas we read it. That is the story of the birth of a Child who showed the way for Peace on Earth, and good will toward all men. The visit of Jesus Christ to the Nephites, as described in the Book of Mormon, also deserves a place on the Christmas reading list.

Christmas is for happiness. All of our plans and activities are slated toward the greatest enjoyment for everyone. It is impossible to be happy if we let gift-giving become a burden, both mentally and financially. It is a pity to undertake more shopping and partying than we are physically able for, so that we become too exhausted to participate on Christmas day in the family pleasure.

Christmas is for happiness. A deeper, sweeter Christmas is ours when we also include humble acknowledgment of God's greatest gift to mankind, His Son.

WHO SEEKS THE KING

By La Rene King Bleecker

No darkness fell in all the world that night;
The soft light shown as though it were mid-day,
When angels ushered in the Prince of Light,
While shepherds heard the chimes of heaven play.
The Star with steadfast light held deep amaze,
And mystic wise men rode with steadfast gaze.
Lo, all the wistful air and earth and sky
Held pause to hear a baby's destined cry.

Not they alone, but all have seen the Star
Wherever weary ones of earth have trod,
Wherever souls are groping from afar;
Whenever heavenly longing cries to God
His love illumines life and death's abyss;
Who seeks the King shall need no light but this!

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER NINE

LET us get dinner, Mother."

I looked down into the eager faces that waited breathlessly. What fun it was to do something for mother.

"Can you really?"

"Oh, yes, really, Mother."

"Oh, yes, weally, Muvver." Little Tim echoed his sister's confidence.

Why not? Timothy had gone out of town and now was as good a time as any to let them try their little wings.

"Very well, then. I shall lie here with Robbie and rest. When you are ready call us."

"Don't peek, will you?"

"I promise you I will not."

With shouts of glee the two little youngsters ran excitedly toward the kitchen. To keep my thoughts from what the children might be doing to my clean kitchen I went over some problems that had recently risen in Relief Society. The mercury in the penny thermometer had risen to a satisfying degree but now the ones who usually subscribed had almost filled their envelopes and those who were left could not be depended upon. But we would achieve our goal some way. If one method did not work there were always others. Visiting teaching was gradually being worked to a solution, but our percent of attendance was falling a little.

"It always drops in the spring," Irene had told me, "and this drop isn't anything. Last year at our final meeting there were only nine present."

"There must be forty-nine this year," I determined.

"It's ready, Mother."

"It's weady," Muvver."

I sat up with a start. Had I fallen asleep? The children, with little Rob, were standing beside me, their hands and faces suspiciously clean.

"I shall get up immediately. Um-m-m. Am I hungry."

Denise's enthusiasm took a sudden drop. "You see, Mother," she began hesitantly, "You may not like our dinner so well. We could not find anything to begin on."

There was an overflowing dish of their favorite jam. Fruit juices from the ice-box had been mixed to make punch. Hopeless stains of it stared accusingly from the linen. But the piece de resistance was an incredibly elaborate cake. Denise caught my glance.

"It is the one you made for Daddy, Mama. We just put more frosting on it."

"I scwaped the dish," Tim announced and little Rob made definite remarks about it in his own language.

"Do you like it?"

"Very much. It is marvelous. But as you say there isn't much to begin on. You and I might get by nicely on dessert, but babies like Robbie must have their milk and vegetables. Suppose I fix some for you."

She sighed with relief. "It is so nice to have you to depend on, Mother."

THE last dish had been wiped and put away and the bedtime

story told and still Tim had not come. I had been uneasy about him all evening and realized with a shock that I did not know where he had gone. When the telephone shrilled I jumped to answer it.

"Mrs. Maylord? Nettie Grow speaking. Can you come over to my place right away?"

"Just as soon as I can get someone to stay with the children." The urgency in her voice was all the reason I needed.

When I reached the Grow home it was dark save for one room upstairs where light gleamed from behind closed curtains. I knocked, but there was no response. I tried the door and it opened to my touch. I found myself in a small hall where a dim light burned.

"Who-o-o," I called softly. Almost at once a door opened and Mrs. Grow appeared at the head of the stairs. In the dim light her eyes looked wild and terrified.

"Turn the night lock, will you?" she asked, "and come up."

After turning the lock I ran up the carpeted steps. Just inside the lighted room I stopped short. One glance told me it had been furnished in exquisite taste, not in keeping with my idea of Mrs. Grow. Then on the bed I saw the reason for my coming. A young girl lay there, a beautiful girl, and it was obvious that she was dying.

"What is it?"

For answer Mrs. Grow pointed through an open door to a bassinet in the next room. "It was born this morning." Then in an aside, "She just took a turn and I was alone."

"Have you called a doctor?"

"Yes. He will be here again soon."

"I'll do what I can." But I knew that would be exactly nothing. I had been called to comfort the living not to help the one on the bed. The girl was beyond help. We could only watch and wait.

It was a beautiful face that was inexorably taking on a death pallor. Dark curls clung damply about her waxen features. Only once did she arouse and that was when a faint wail came from the adjoining room. Then her eyes opened suddenly and looked in terror at us. Mrs. Grow leaned toward her.

"She is all right," she said clearly in a voice that was infinitely kind through its matter-of-factness.

"You will take care of her?"

"You know I will."

I was sure this was no ordinary wayward girl. The look from her eyes, the inflection of her voice told of breeding and refinement. Later the doctor came again but there was nothing he could do. In less than an hour it was over and we stood beside the crib looking down at the sweetest baby girl I had ever seen. Her tiny head was covered with bright red curls and her eyes, when she opened them, showed unmistakable signs of being brown like the mother's.

"What shall I do with her?" Mrs. Grow sat down and passed her hand wearily over her eyes. "You heard me say I would take care of her, but I couldn't do it personally. It would not be fair."

"That decision will not rest with you," I told her. "She is now a ward of the state, unless you are a near relative."

"What do you mean?" Her eyes challenged mine.

"Are the girl's parents or grandparents alive?"

"No, but—she should have been my daughter. Her father was the only man I ever loved, but I was not his kind and his folks interfered. Later he married, but they were both killed in an accident when Diane was a small girl. Her grandmother was hard and uncompromising with her as she had been with her son. Diane had his dislike for control so her life has been a series of clashes. When I saw how things were going I sort of—took her under my wing."

"Do her grandparents know of this?"

"They are both dead. She had an Aunt and Uncle, but the baby isn't going back to them. It would break my heart if they found out about it. Why can't we do something about it now?"

INTO my mind there flashed a daring idea. It might not work out but why not try it? I dashed downstairs to the telephone and called Gloria Holsinger. They had just come in.

"Don't go to bed. I will be over there soon. Turn your front light off."

When I went back upstairs I told Mrs. Grow my plan. "Legally we have no right to do anything with the child, but neither do the Aunt or Uncle. You would like her to be adopted into a good home wouldn't you?"

"Yes, a good one. The best we can find. There is no trashy blood here. If the child could be placed tonight no one would be the wiser. Only Don, Salle and your husband knew about Diane." She paused, doubtless at the look that flashed into my eyes. Then she went on. "I cannot tell you what a lot of help your husband has been. I appealed to him because through my dealings with him in the store I had found him to be what he pretended to be. He untangled Diane's financial affairs and helped me with mine. He has helped in so many other ways, too, and through it all has kept his mouth shut. It has meant a great deal to us. Diane made him executor of her estate. She was of legal age and could do that."

"Will you take her back to her relatives?"

"Oh, yes. I must notify them. I shall get Dr. Putman to give them a reason for her death. But what shall we do about the baby?"

"She must be taken care of for the time being so if you do not mind I shall take her to a home I know about. Tomorrow we can notify the proper authorities."

I could see it all so clearly now. Tim, Salle, Mrs. Grow, all defying gossip to do what they could for this girl. Mrs. Grow told me she had persuaded Salle to come there because of Diane's need for companionship.

I waited until the undertaker had come and gone, and then with the baby in a basket in my arms I paused in the hall. There were deep lines in the woman's face. The last few hours had made her an old woman. In her eyes was great weariness.

"I—I think you are grand," I whispered. "I am coming back to stay with you until Don comes."

She flung open the outer door. "Go quickly while I have control of myself."

SO I went out into the kindly enveloping darkness leaving behind a broken woman in an

empty house. When I reached the Holsinger's the house was dark so no one saw me aproach. I placed the basket in the shadows beside the door and rang the bell. Immediately the light flashed on inside, and the door was flung open. Dave Holsinger faced me looking puzzled and concerned. Behind him stood his wife.

"Do come in and tell us what this is all about." It was the first time I had seen Dave act nervous.

As I closed the door behind me Gloria said, "For goodness sake, Donna, why all the mystery?"

I looked from one excited face to another. The air of the room hung tense, expectant about them.

"I have something I would like you to keep for the night. Something very precious and helpless. Will you do it?"

Dave nodded assent. In his eyes was already the light of understanding.

"Will you, Gloria?"

"Yes, but—"

I had been standing with my back to the door. Now I slipped out and lifting the baby from the basket returned to the lighted room and closed the door. Gloria gave a gasp of dismay when she saw the blankets.

"Hold out your arms."

"No. No. I won't take it. I will not have it. I don't want it."

"You promised."

Reluctantly she held out her hands. Removing the blanket I laid the baby in her arms. It had been well wrapped and the bright curls clung damply about its tiny head.

"Take it. Take it, someone." Gloria looked about terrified. I moved back, but Dave stepped to her side and put an arm about her shoulders. For an instant they both watched; then as the baby's cries fought their way into her heart Gloria lifted it gingerly to her face. Instantly the sobs ceased and it gurgled in satisfaction as only a baby can. Its tiny lips searched her face.

"Oh, you helpless, helpless darling." The baby was suddenly snatched against her in an infinitely possessive gesture. David breathed with relief and nodded to me. It was almost more than I could do to break the spell.

"It is just for tonight, Gloria," I reminded her. "Its basket is in the shadows outside."

Then I slipped out. It would have been a cruel thing to do had I not been certain the authorities would eventually give her the child. They might even leave it with her while they were conducting the necessary investigations. Of one thing I was certain the baby would soon belong to them.

Going back to Mrs. Grow's I realized I was weary in mind and body. This had been a hard evening. To participate in such things was not easy. I wanted to lay my head on Tim's shoulder and cry. With the thought my despondency lifted a little. I knew now why Salle and Tim had been such frequent visitors at this place. I knew why they persistently defended Mrs. Grow. I understood why Don had been attracted to Salle. I wanted to get to Tim as soon as possible and ask his forgiveness for doubting him.

But Mrs. Grow was waiting at the door for me. As she saw me coming up the walk she ran to meet me.

"We must go to the hospital at once. There has been an accident. They are all there."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

DECEMBER—With Christmas near, an infinitude of tenderness hovers over the world.

AN Allegory: Once there was a man of power and honor who directed the distribution of great wealth. This he did wisely and well and received much praise. For praise he cared not. He said the Savior's way is best, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." From his own means he gave to the poor in spirit, the afflicted, the sick at heart, and such as these. Happy in giving happiness!

Not in large figures are these things recorded; but in the golden book of memory from the hearts of grateful men and women is written, "God bless Heber J. Grant."

ALMA GLUCK, famous Metropolitan opera singer of yesteryear, died last month. Fortunately her incomparable voice is preserved to posterity on phonographic records.

PRINCESS FREDERICA of Greece in October gave birth to a daughter. The advent of the young princess was an occasion of rejoicing and brought the release of all prisoners of minor offenses and the return home of 400 deported persons.

FARIDA, 17 year-old Queen of Egypt, has her baby princess, for whom a $15,000 layette was prepared. In celebration of the event thousands of poor were given new clothes and free meals and 20,000 school children suits and dresses.

MADAM SUN YAT-SEN still pleads for no surrender to the Japanese forces. She is a magnificent leader and inspires resistance.

VIRGINIA LLOYD-SMITH, accompanied her father, of the American Museum of Natural History, on his last hunting trip to Alaska. Virginia is 13 years old and on this trip killed three caribou and a bear.

KATHERINE D. BLAKE, 80, now lecturing in the United States, recently returned from Europe where she attended, as delegate, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

ELIZABETH SIEFERT, of Missouri, won the $10,000 prize from Dodd, Mead and Company for the best novel of 1938. The book is titled "Young Doctor Galahad."

FRANCES WINWAR'S new book "Farewell The Banner," the story of Coleridge, the Wordsworths—William and Dorothy—is as interesting as her story of the Rosettis, "Poor Splendid Wings."

MARGUERITE CAMERON has written a juvenile book "This Is The Place," a story of early Utah.

BLANCHE K. McKEY, of Ogden, has had a poem accepted by the National Magazine of Poetry—"Pioneer Graveyard."

EDITH WHARTON'S novel "The Buccaneers," published after her death, is described by the critics as all-absorbing and a fine addition to American literature.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

WITH the close of 1938 the Relief Society in all the stakes and missions of the Church may look back over the achievements of the year with satisfaction. The General Presidency and Board acknowledge with deep gratitude the fine spirit of cooperation everywhere evidenced. There are many pictures and interesting reports of work accomplished that must of necessity be held for future publication in *Notes From The Field*. Sincere thanks are expressed to all who have sent material to the office.

Idaho Falls

THE stake has been very active in all lines of work. Special attention has been given to the preparation of Visiting Teachers for their duties. The following is a good summary:

1. Thoroughly and prayerfully prepare the message given in the Magazine. Prayerfully prepare before going into the homes.
2. Fully understand the origin and organization of Relief Society; its aims and purposes.
3. Seek the Spirit of God. Keep the Word of Wisdom.
4. Cultivate the spirit of discernment.
5. Make it a duty to bring sunshine into the homes.
6. Make duty a pleasure, leave your troubles at home.
7. Hold sacred all confidences; avoid gossip.
8. Pay annual dues; be a subscriber to the Relief Society Magazine.
9. Carefully observe conditions within homes, and confidentially report needs, both material and spiritual, to ward Relief Society president.
10. Receive voluntary donations. The charity fund is a sacred trust fund and is largely made up of voluntary contributions given through Visiting Teachers when visiting the districts.
11. Extend an invitation to all women visited to attend Relief Society meetings. Be informed upon the lesson programs and Work and Business day programs; be able to acquaint those visited with these.
12. A spiritual message as outlined by the General Board should be delivered in each home.

Teaching is not drudgery, but is missionary work.

Qualifications of a teacher: *"A true Latter-day Saint; this embraces everything noble and good."*

Another fine project was the scrapbooks which each ward prepared. An exhibition of these brought to the General office, served during Conference, as a sample for others to copy. They were a demonstration of what can be accomplished when each member of an organization makes her contribution. The materials, beautiful pictures, poems, etc., chosen for the books covered subjects of importance in Theology, Visiting Teachers' Message, and the Home Reading Project.

Deseret Stake

THE following picture was recently taken of the first Relief Society officers in the Delta Ward, Deseret Stake. The organization was effected June 17, 1909. The women, beginning at left, are: Ruth C. Maxfield, first counselor; Julia Peterson, treasurer; Annie M. Bishop, president; Sarah J. Rigby, secretary, and Almeda Lewis, second counselor.

These women are all living in Delta at the present time and are ac-

tive or honorary members of the Relief Society.

On August 30, a successful Visiting Teachers' Convention was held in Delta under the supervision of the stake board with an attendance of 192.

FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS, DELTA WARD

The Singing Mothers under the direction of the stake chorister rendered some delightful musical numbers. A Visiting Teacher Message was presented, applying the principles of correct teaching. A talk on the "do's and don'ts" for visiting teachers was enlightening. A demonstration of a proper way to deliver the spiritual message in the homes was presented. The theme song "A Hundred Thousand Strong" added enthusiasm to the meeting, which concluded with a social hour and refreshments.

President Vera Hilton, with other members of the Stake Board, has worked out in detail a program extending from October 1, 1938, to October 1, 1939, which includes all events to take place, except special calls which may be made of the stake board.

This program printed in attractive booklet form contains names of stake officers and their special calling, the committees for ward conferences, summer Union meetings, conventions, and visits to wards. It specifies when all executive, stake board, and Union meetings, conference conventions, ward conferences and other events are to be held.

The booklet contains the Relief Society motto, its aims and a fitting quotation from the Prophet Joseph Smith as follows: "All difficulties which might and would cross our way must be surmounted though the soul be tired, the heart faint, and hands hang down."

California Mission

THIS mission is remarkable for many things. A picture and description of the fine group of Singing Mothers who furnished the mu-

sic for one General Session of Relief Society Conference is promised for an early issue of the Magazine.

The above picture presents another phase of Relief Society influence in the building of a home and rearing of a family firmly grounded in the standards of the Church. Sister Annie B. Leavitt in addition to the duties as mother of a family of fifteen living children has successfully carried the responsibility of president of the Relief Society of Mesquite Ward.

LEAVITT FAMLY, MESQUITE WARD

Harrison R. Merrill Memorial Volume

RECENTLY the Church lost one of its best known, most friendly and talented personalities. A lover of the great out-of-doors, a lover of life, he interpreted life's beauties in poetry, prose articles and fiction, teaching thousands to enjoy life more, and to live on better terms with it.

To honor Professor Merrill and to preserve something of his best work, a memorial volume titled *Leave My Spirit Here* has been prepared and will be off the press on or before December 15. In the volume is embodied something of the great spirit of the writer. Coming from the press at this particular season we recommend it to our readers as a Christmas gift of genuine worth. Copies may be purchased for $1 plus postage. We call your attention to the advertisement appearing in this issue of the Magazine.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - President
AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
KATE M. BARKER - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

THE GENERAL BOARD

Jennie B. Knight
Emma A. Empey
Annie Wells Cannon
Lalene H. Hart
Cora L. Bennion
Amy Whipple Evans
Rosannah C. Irvine
Nettie D. Bradford
Ida P. Beal
Marcia K. Howells
Emeline Y. Nebeker
Janet M. Thompson
Belle S. Spafford
Donna Durrant Sorensen
Vivian R. McConkie
Leda T. Jensen
Beatrice F. Stevens
Rae B. Barker
Nellie O. Parker
Anna S. Barlow

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

VOL. XXV DECEMBER, 1938 No. 12

Editorial

The Greatest Gift

NEARLY two thousand years ago in Bethlehem of Judea a stable offered refuge to a mother and her babe. Humble shepherds watching their flocks by night were shaken by the light and the words of the angel, "Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . . Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." And wise men came from Chaldea and knelt before the Babe. Thirty-three years intervened between the birth and death of Christ. His life was a continual and uninterrupted life of sacrifice, perfected by a supreme sacrifice on Calvary. It gave to mankind the greatest of all gifts, the promise of eternal life.

Yet even as He made the supreme sacrifice "the people stood beholding, and the rulers also with them derided Him . . . .

"And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him and offering him vinegar."

Eighteen hundred and five years after the birth of the babe in Bethlehem another babe was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, to Lucy Mack Smith, under circumstances and surroundings of the most humble. This babe was destined to be the Prophet of the Last Dispensation, to be an instrument in the hands of God to restore again in all its purity that same Gospel, giving promise of eternal life, for which Christ was sacrificed. Like Christ, Joseph Smith's life was short—thirty-nine years. It was one of self-denial and unselfish zeal for the salvation of mankind. Yet his life culminated in a supreme sacrifice at Carthage. A record of the Martyrdom says, "It seems unaccountable that any generation of men could have been so utterly cruel and barbarous to one preaching so pure a doctrine and laboring with such self-denial for the good of all mankind."

The Christmas season brings to Latter-day Saints a remembrance of the lives of these chosen ones of the Father. It brings an appreciation of the Gospel for which both made the supreme sacrifice in order that men might have the greatest of all gifts. The Gospel is the source of all that is best in the world. It is the influence that turns men to one another with a spirit of love and good will. It is not strange, therefore, that the Christmas season is a season when people forget self, and sacrifice that others may have joy.

Music Department

A More Cultural Radio

By Wade N. Stephens

IN this country radio programs are largely for advertising purposes. Therefore the sponsors of the programs, since they are spending fabulous sums of money in this way, present the type of program that appears to attract the most listeners. But how can they tell who listens? Obviously, only by the number of letters, telegrams and phone calls they receive complimenting or disparaging the programs.

Mr. Lennox D. Murdoch, Director of Station Operations at KSL, estimates that less than one out of every thousand listeners writes to the station or sponsor about a program. This means that if thirty letters are received, all complimenting a program, the sponsor thinks that thirty thousand listeners like his presentation.

This assumption is often untrue. There may be many among that thirty thousand listeners who would prefer a program of an entirely different type. The desires of these people are not considered, because they are not known by those who make up the programs.

Now, all Singing Mothers must like good music—otherwise they would not be members of our organization. The only way we can increase the amount of good music on the radio is to write to our radio station, condemning the bad and praising the good. If a large number of our Singing Mothers were to write in, saying, "The chant of the auctioneer gets on my nerves, and so does the jazz music that usually accompanies it. Why aren't there more programs like the Ford Sunday Evening Hour?" we might be instrumental in raising the standard of radio music throughout the country.

Let us do this. Not once, but regularly, every time we hear something of which we particularly approve or disapprove. Keep a little pile of penny postcards on your radio and send several each week, praising a good program or objecting to a bad one. It is little trouble, and over a period of time will raise the cultural value of radio entertainment.

MANY have asked for a reprint of the list of numbers for next April Conference. Here it is:

Religious numbers: "Sanctus," (Gounod); "O Morn of Beauty," (Sibelius); "O Bread of Life," (Franck); "The Lord's Prayer," (Gates); "Silent Night," (arranged by Epperson).

All these except "Silent Night" have already been sung by the Singing Mothers. We must have two or three new numbers for April, so that we do not repeat so much. One will be taken from the new hymn book soon to be issued by the Relief Society. At the end of the "Sanctus" (Gounod) you will find a short piece called "Benedictus." This will be the second. Another may be announced later.

Secular numbers: "Dedication," (Franz); "By the Bend of the River," (Edwards); "Annie Laurie;" "In the Time of Roses," (Reichardt); "Song of May," (Asper).

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

LESSON VI.

THE ANOINTING OF THE SPIRIT

HELPFUL REFERENCES

Edwin F. Parry, *Joseph Smith's Teachings,* pp. 69-81.

Pres. Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine,* pp. 72-75, 81 f.

James E. Talmage, *Jesus the Christ,* pp. 702-707, 720.

James E. Talmage, *The Articles of Faith,* pp. 157-170.

A. B. Bruce, *The Training of the Twelve,* Chapter XXX. ("Power From On High.")

THE Apostles of Our Lord Had a Very Imperfect Understanding of His Mission.—It seems strange to many readers of the Gospels that the ancient Twelve should be so devoid of understanding of the true mission and work of the Christ. This lack of understanding was displayed on many occasions. Witness the Savior's rebuke of Philip. "Am I so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? He that has seen me has seen the Father: how sayest thou, Show us the Father" (John 14:9). Note the Master's test of the disciples at the feeding of the five thousand. "But he said to them, Do ye give them to eat. And they said, We have no more than five loaves and two fishes; unless we ourselves should go and buy meat for all this people" (Luke 9:13). It seemingly did not occur to the members of the Twelve that the Christ could provide for the wants of the multitude. When the Savior pointed out that he should be put to death and on the third day rise again (Matt. 16:21) there was again marked unbelief and lack of spiritual insight. "And Peter, drawing him to him, began to chide him, saying, Far be it from thee, Lord: this shall never befall thee. But he turned and said to Peter, Begone behind me Satan: thou art a stumblingblock to me, for thy mind is not on the things of God, but those of men" (Matt. 16:22, 23). One of the Syriac versions adds to Matthew 16:22 the words "as though pitying him." As Professor A. T. Robertson says, "That pictures Peter patronizing Jesus. This tone Jesus would not endure from anyone." The incident would seem to reveal the fact that Peter still held to the Pharisaic conception of a political Messiah. The idea of a Messiah who should face the Cross apparently never thoroughly penetrated his mind until after the resurrection. The scattering of the apostles at Christ's crucifixion and the unbelief of some of them in his resurrection sufficiently attests the fact that his work and mission were but faintly understood by them. "Afterwards he manifested himself to the eleven themselves while at table, and upbraided their unbelief and hardheartedness, because they did not believe those who had seen him risen" (Mark 16:14).

A *MODERN Analogy.*—In the course of events leading up to the death of the Prophet Joseph

Smith we have a modern case that somewhat parallels the above. As long as the Prophet was present in person with the apostles and other members of the Church it was almost impossible for them to understand that he would have to seal his testimony with his blood. Hints dropped by Joseph Smith that the Lord would not spare his life after a certain time went by unheeded or were misunderstood.

CHRIST'S Mission not Completely Understood by the Twelve Until After His Resurrection.—The ancient Twelve realized the true nature of the Savior's mission only after his resurrection. When the apostles received the Holy Ghost there came to them the activating principle of pure intelligence enlightening their souls and testifying that Jesus was the Christ. They were no longer left in doubt as to what the inner meaning of their Master's deepest teachings had been while he was with them in mortality. Things that they had forgotten were moreover brought to their remembrance. We may ask, "Why were not the apostles able at the first to as easily comprehend the principles taught them in the very presence of our Lord as they were later on with the help of the Holy Ghost?" It is quite probable that in the presence of or during the mission of the Christ (a higher authority) the Holy Ghost never operated unless specially directed to do so. For that reason the apostles never received the baptism of spirit necessary to real and thorough conversion until the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2). The Holy Ghost has a special mission to perform in testifying concerning Christ, in teaching, and in general revealing to man's eternal spirit the things of God. As a personage of spirit he can do this with apparently much more efficiency than beings of flesh and bone. For that reason the apostles more easily comprehended their Master's teachings and mission under the influence of the Holy Ghost than they did at first in his very presence. The question may be asked, "Why did not the Savior let the Holy Ghost operate upon the Twelve for the purpose of converting and teaching them completely while he was yet with them?" This is a question that has its difficulties but may be tentatively answered as follows: Had the Twelve received the full quickening influence of the Holy Spirit at the time of baptism, or shortly thereafter, the Savior's purposes in selecting them would have been thwarted. Their complete conversion and absolute knowledge of the high mission of their Master would probably have given them courage to stand with him before the murderous mob that took his life. Such a course would probably have been fatal to most of them. Our Lord needed men of their calibre far too much to permit their lives to be taken at that time. They were needed to direct the activities of the young Church and to be special witnesses of His name in the world. Hence the reason He delayed sending the Holy Ghost to them until after his resurrection.

THE Reception of Power From On High.—Luke records a command of the risen Christ to the Eleven assembled in Jerusalem. He says, "But do ye tarry in the city, until ye are clothed with power from on high" (Luke 24:49). The same author quotes other words of the Savior to his apostles in a letter to a certain Theophilus as follows: "But ye shall receive power, when the

Holy Spirit has come on you; and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and to the utmost part of the earth" (Acts 1:8). The Twelve (Matthias had been added in the meantime) did as our Lord requested and waited for the anointing of the Spirit. It came in the course of a few days—with power. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly there came a sound out of heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed among them; and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:1-4). This day of Pentecost was one to be long remembered in New Testament times. Thousands were baptized into the Church (Acts 2:41) whose hearts had been touched by the words of the apostles and the mighty power of the Holy Ghost. Other events of the day of Pentecost will be considered in one of the lessons on the apostle Peter. The apostles themselves were literally "born again". From this time forth they were no longer timid and half-converted followers of what some thought was a national messiah, but were "lions of the Lord". The spiritual spark that had been missing in them before was now supplied in the presence of the Holy Ghost. They now realized the responsibility and the necessity of laboring with all their might to carry the Gospel to the ends of the known earth. Where great privilege is extended responsibility follows. Few men of this generation realize the weight of responsibility of the ancient Twelve or realize their tremendous labors.

A *MODERN Day of Pentecost.* —The ancient day of Pentecost has been paralleled in this dispensation by a wonderful display of power from on high. The occasion was the dedication of the Kirtland Temple on March 27, 1836. The Prophet Joseph Smith mentions many spiritual manifestations that took place that day, among them the following: "Brother George A. Smith arose and began to prophesy, when a noise was heard like the sound of a rushing mighty wind, which filled the Temple, and all the congregation simultaneously arose, being moved upon by an invisible power; many began to speak in tongues and prophesy; others saw glorious visions; and I beheld the Temple was filled with angels, which fact I declared to the congregation. The people of the neighborhood came running together (hearing an unusual sound within, and seeing a bright light like a pillar of fire resting upon the Temple), and were astonished at what was taking place" (Hist. of the Church, Vol. II, p. 428).

The blessings of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles and other members of the Church were about the same whether in ancient or modern times. Members of the Church in this dispensation can be thankful for their intimate understanding of certain events in the ancient Church which the Holy Spirit gives them.

Questions and Problems

(Deal only with as many as time permits.)

1. Why does labor in the mission field so generally aid our people to

receive a testimony from the Holy Ghost?

2. Name all the functions of the Holy Ghost that you can. What is the difference between the Holy Ghost and the gift of the Holy Ghost? (Note: See Parry, *Joseph Smith's Teachings,* pp. 69-81.)

3. Explain the difference in the apostle Peter's courage before and after the resurrection. (Compare Matt. 26:69-75 with Acts 4:1-20.)

4. Let some one in the class present the Prophet Joseph Smith's discussion of the effect of the first Comforter or Holy Ghost upon a person. (See Parry, *Joseph Smith's Teachings,* pp. 21 f.)

* * * * *

The Deseret Book Company have on hand a few copies of "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," by the late Edward H. Anderson, and "Ancient Apostles," by David O. McKay, specially priced at seventy-nine cents per copy with ten cents additional cost for postage, and in the state of Utah, the sales tax also additional. These two books, published locally and written by our Church leaders, work nicely into the Theology course of study.

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

No. VI—Sources of Power

Paul, an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, said, "For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." *I Cor.* 4:19-20.

IS there some relation between strength of personality and true worship? Jesus points to three expressions of worship as sources of spiritual power: almsgiving, fasting, and prayer. He teaches *how* these principles can be real forces in developing personality.

Mere observance of ritual will not increase our capacities. Quietly, out of the depths of the heart, these principles must be lived.

To give to mankind with the same interest as a father gives to his son will certainly strengthen and improve the quality of love. The apostle Paul reflecting the teachings of Jesus said that though we bestow all our goods to feed the poor and have not charity (love) it profiteth nothing.

Fasting brings us near our Heavenly Father; it shows sincerity of heart and brings great spiritual strength. The Master fasted that He might have spiritual power. If He had need to fast, how much more have we! In fasting for the purpose of administering to the needs of others one must have a genuine, heart-felt desire to aid. Thus our power to sympathize intelligently is expanded and fasting becomes truly ennobling.

We pray to our Heavenly Father because we have faith in Him. Various needs cause us to pray. If prayer is to be a source of power we must know how to pray, and for what to pray. Jesus' guide is found by searching the depths of meaning in the Lord's Prayer, the perfect prayer.

The rewards of true prayer are peace of soul, courage to meet life's problems, and clearer insight into the spiritual laws, which, if applied, will help solve problems. Prayer brings growth in faith and love. Surely, here is power.

Psychology has recognized the value of faith and love in human personality.

Questions

1. What characterizes intelligent giving?

2. Does depriving one's self of food adequately express the principle of fasting?

3. Can one reasonably expect power to follow *knowing* but not doing?

References: Matthew 6:1-18; 9: 13-15; 21:22.

Visiting Teachers are to call attention to Theology, Literary and Social Service lessons, also Work and Business programs planned by your ward.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson VI

The Greatest Age of the Novel

SCOTT'S last novel was published in 1831 and Queen Victoria began her glorious reign in 1837. The Victorian Age had dawned, and that age was to be one of the most memorable in the history of mankind as well as in the history of the English novel.

At the time of Sir Walter Scott's death, two of England's greatest novelists were approximately twenty years of age and Mary Ann Evans—George Eliot—was thirteen. Those three people, assisted by a few lesser lights, were to carry the novel on from where the Scotchman had left it to new heights of glory.

Phelps opens his fifth chapter in his book *The Advance of the English Novel,* with these words: "Perhaps the greatest decade in the history of the English novel was the period between 1850 and 1860 inclusive." He then proceeds to name a number of novels whose names are household words the world around and whose characters are as well known as the greatest men and women who ever actually lived.

During that period, too, Americans had begun to make their presence felt in the world of letters. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allen Poe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others were producing some of their great books, some of which rank among the best ever produced anywhere. Furthermore, during the same period, several of the greatest poets of all time were writing their epics, their odes, and their dramatic poems.

The Victorian Age was one of the most important literary periods in the history of this earth. Youthful science was beginning to show strength; new America was being built, and it seemed that literary men and women were fired by the spirit of the age. It was truly a period of conquest, but the conquests of war were infinitesimally insignificant compared with the conquests of peace during the life-time of the great queen of England.

Sir Walter Scott had prepared a reading public for the historical novel, and along came William Makepeace Thackeray to begin where Scott left off. As a novelist Thackeray was much greater than Scott. He was more careful as a writer and keener as an analyst.

Thackeray's three novels—*Henry*

Esmond, The Virginians, and *Vanity Fair*—are classics among the classics of our language. Phelps pays this man this tribute: "It remained for Thackeray to write the best historical romance in our language, *Esmond.*" He continues: "He wrote *Esmond* at white heat in a short time, and the manuscript showed few corrections. I like it best because it contains the best of Thackeray—and the best of Thackeray has not been surpassed in English fiction."

Esmond has often been referred to as the best novel in the English language. Those who haven't done so should read it, and especially after reading Scott. They will find how much more subtle Thackeray is and how much more carefully he builds every detail pertaining to his story.

Thackeray's greatest and almost exact contemporary was Charles Dickens. Cross says that as Sir Walter Scott took the Gothic romance and transformed it into *Waverly* and his other historical novels, Dickens took the sentimental novel of the eighteenth century and made of it a new and dignified creation of his own. His novels are often referred to as *humanitarian.*

In a time when children needed a champion one was born in Dickens. His novels, it is said, did more to bring about reforms in England than all the law makers. Be that as it may, the pictures he has painted of suffering childhood have become priceless possessions of the race.

"In the history of British fiction," says Phelps, "Dickens fills the biggest place, contributed the largest number of permanently interesting characters, owed less to other authors than any other novelist and would be the one I should keep if all but one had to perish. No other writer has made so great a contribution to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and while it is possible to contemplate the history of the novel minus any other author, we simply cannot get along without Dickens."

Professor Phelps may seem a bit over-enthusiastic about Dickens, but certainly he is one of the best-known and best-loved writers the world has yet produced.

It might be interesting to quote some things which the French critic Chevalley has to say of Dickens and Thackeray. It may assist a bit in the discussion of the novel in general.

"All his (Dickens') gifts led him into excess: excess of imagination, that led to caricature; excess of humor that led to crude effects of tears and laughter; excess of colour, excess of verve, and a Grub-street romanticism well suited to his public while shocking to the exquisites. But behind all these excesses which compromise the value of Dickens' novels, the mysterious gift of life—which is never excessive—renders them unforgettable. His was an imagination at once so realistic and so powerful that he did not copy but created types. His work is a fair of strange people. Let us not demand of Dickens what he had not to give."

Chevalley says further: "He has made mankind tremble in his books, but it is the trembling of movement against atmosphere, of life against death. One may discuss Dickens; it is impossible to forget him."

Let us now turn to what the same critic has to say of Thackeray. "It is a commonplace to oppose Dickens to his great contemporary Thackeray. Everything invites comparison. They were writing at the same time, but Thackeray achieved success more tardily. He was reserved, delicate; he had taste and style. He does not drive home

truths, he unfolds them. In his work comedy is as measured, but as penetrating, as pathos is discreet and effective. His characters do not move all in a piece. He comments on them, but they reveal themselves and have no need of labels. They are people of fashion and good breeding, excepting the servants, who never lapse into vulgarity. Thackeray's psychology is acute and profound. There are real women in his books. He observes an instructive restraint in the presence of grief and death, the mystery of love and the mystery of religion. His emotion is marked by neither gesture nor cries. He touches the heart without gripping it, life without trepidation. In these divers respects the contrast is natural, inevitable, between the two greatest novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century. But how much more instructive, as regards the development of the novel, is what they shared in common!"

Another contemporary of Thackeray should be mentioned before we turn to the novel which we are to treat next. That person is Mary Ann Evans—George Eliot. Born in 1819, George Eliot published her first long novel—*Adam Bede*—in 1859 when she was forty years old. It was a great success and was soon followed by two others of her most famous books—*The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*. Both of these books were gratifying successes and established the author among the great novelists of England and certainly among the first few of the greatest women writers who have ever lived. Because much of the story in these books depends upon the mental processes—the thinking that went on in the minds of the characters—they are called psychological novels.

During the period that these three titans of the novel were producing their best works, of course there were other lesser writers who wrote good books. Among these was Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825-1900) whose greatest novel is *Lorna Doone,* a romance of the time of Charles II, James II, and Queen Anne. This novel was written seventeen years after Thackeray wrote his *Henry Esmond.*

Blackmore was a lesser writer, but in his novel he has shown a strength that marks him as a really important story teller. He is not so spectacular as Dickens and not so convincing as Thackeray, but for sheer story telling, in this one book of his, he has really equalled the masters.

William Long says of *Lorna Doone*: "Altogether it would be hard to find a more delightful romance in any language, and it well deserves the place it has won as one of the classics of our literature."

Because *Lorna Doone* is a splendid romance dealing with a picturesque age in English history and because Mr. Blackmore, in it, has shown his mastery of rhythmical prose, it has been selected for review and study. Told in the first person, it takes its place alongside of such noble novels as *Henry Esmond* and *David Copperfield,* although not quite so important or well known as either. Thackeray or Dickens probably might have been used, but since their novels are so well known and since *Lorna Doone* is a book that should be in every well-read person's repertoire, so to speak, it was thought best to use it. George Eliot's works were not selected because in recent years they have been used for literary lessons.

It would be well for the reader of *Lorna Doone* to spend a few minutes on the history of England during the reign of Charles II and

James II, as it is found in any modern or English school history, for then he will be able just a little better to understand some of the troubles of big John Ridd.

Suggestions

The following are merely suggestive:

1. Read from any good school history or encyclopedia the story of the reigns of Charles II and James II of England.

2. Read Chapter 5 *The Advance of the English Novel.*

3. Class members could read scenes from the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot.

4. If all but one novelist had to perish, which would you keep? Which of the novelist's books would you keep? Why?

Social Service

LESSON 6

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE

I. *The Kernel of the Lesson.* Of all the achievements a person may have, nothing contributes quite so much to his happiness and general success as the ability to live cooperatively and peaceably with other people. This capacity depends largely upon the ability to forget one's self and, for the moment at least, to see out of the other person's eyes. We must be able not only to see things as he does, but we must be willing to let his valuation of himself grow by his contacts with us. To be a good subordinate or follower, one must not know more than his leader, or appear to know more. Rather one should cater to the whims of his superior, and show respect for his authority. To be a good leader, one must give credit to followers where it is due and give other evidence that the point of view of the followers is known and appreciated.

Finally, the art of friendship grows out of community of interests, sympathy with each other's enthusiasms, and other relationships which permit one another to feel bigger and better in some respect.

II. *Why the Ability to Get Along with People Is Important.* In recent years, science has made enormous progress in controlling the physical universe. We have made strides in conquering time and space through the telephone, telegraph and radio, and the railroad, automobile and airplane. We have learned much about prolonging life through modern medicine. But all of the great scientific advances have not enlightened us sufficiently in the art of human management to prevent wars and internal national disorders. Today two major wars are raging because nations cannot forget self long enough to see and appreciate the point of view of one another.

Most of the unhappy people are those who have not learned to share the joys and sorrows of others. The man who frequently loses his job is he who cannot work in an organization without friction, the touchy person, the grumbler, and the one who is directly absorbed with what he will "get out of the job," rather than what he can put into it.

But the ability to get along

with others makes the greatest difference to our happiness as it pertains to our relationships in the home, where human contacts are so intimate and the wearing qualities of a personality are most severely tested. Disagreeable relationships in the home have more to do with producing delinquency and school failure than any other social cause.

In industry one of the highest priced qualities in an executive is his ability to manage men so as to make them productive, by making them like their work. Many of our high Church officials owe their great usefulness to this ability, the ability to organize and manage people. Recently a great contractor with a meager education and only average technical knowledge was asked the secret of his success. His answer was that he had what it took to get men with brains and education to do what he wanted them to do.

No ability, then, means more to our success and happiness than this knack of understanding our fellow men and living cooperatively with them.

III. *Ability to See the Other Person's Point of View Is the Basis of Getting Along With People.* Jesus once said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," "and why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" (Matthew 7:1, 4). "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." (John 8:7, see also verses 1 to 11). In these statements, He spoke of a most common human failing: the inability to see the other person's point of view. Speaking positively, Jesus gave us the secret of getting along with people in the following words: "But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." (Matt. 20:26-28.)

This spirit is indeed that of modern business, the secret of its success. Henry Ford is great financially because he has rendered a service to the people they have been willing to pay for; Franklin D. Roosevelt is great politically and socially because he came in an hour of dire need and aimed his program toward satisfying the needs of the people. Great men are those who see out of other people's eyes, who are more directly interested in the problems of others than in their own immediate needs. Jesus came not to do His own will but the will of the Father; He sacrificed His life that we might have everlasting life.

A poor salesman makes speeches centered about the fine qualities of his products; a good salesman talks about *you* and *your* needs. A person applying for a position has a far better chance if he studies the needs of his prospective employer and thinks mainly about how well his qualifications will meet those needs. Most employers are interested in operating their business efficiently and care very little about our personal needs in applying for a job. Again, "whosoever would be chief among you let him be your servant." If we would advance in the Church, let us look for opportunities to be of the greatest possible service, and think little of personal glory.

In the home, the ability of a mother to see a child's problem as he sees it is essential for successful guidance. Children frequently make life miserable for each other because they lack this ability, because their immaturity prevents this sharing of points of view.

A wife who understands the particular interests and enthusiasms of her husband, and the husband who appreciates those interests that are feminine—they are likely to be a happy couple. Their interests need not coincide so long as there is mutual understanding and toleration of each other's point of view. This personality quality is often expressed by such simple acts as a wife purchasing Christmas or birthday presents that give expression to her husband's hobbies and enthusiasms, for example, fishing tackle or hunting equipment if his enthusiasms run along this line. He in turn will not express his own wants or interests in what he presents to his wife, such as giving her a set of camping utensils when she is really enthusiastic about fine tapestry or Venetian vases.

IV. *Give the Other Person a Chance to Express Himself, or Expand His Ego, if You Would Get Along With Him.* Most often this means to praise the person we would get along with whenever a legitimate occasion arises. It does not mean to flatter, for flattery is a kind of pseudo-praise where your real motives are too obviously selfish. Genuine praise springs from the heart; it is a genuine appreciation for the good in others.

To talk freely of our own successes tends to deflate the other person's ego, and to inflate our own. Ego striving is the motivation underlying boasting. Naturally it is unpopular, though very common, and one of the surest ways to make people dislike us. Let the other person do the talking, if you would get along with him; and when you do talk, let it be about either purely impersonal subjects or those that are related to his enthusiasms. Talk about the other person's children, about her boy away at college or on a mission, about her grandchildren, or about her part in the Relief Society program.

When we tell a joke on ourselves, it permits the other person's ego to expand; but when we tell one on him, the opposite effect follows and he is likely to dislike us. The habit of telling jokes which are intended to discount someone else is often a symptom of insecure conceptions of the value of oneself, of inferiority feelings at heart. The apparent "daring" of this kind of humor frequently serves only to cover up one's inner recognition of the insecurity of his own status.

The person in good command of his self-feelings can mention his own faults without losing prestige. In fact, frankness about one's faults, so long as one does not become too apologetic and boresome, helps to create respect in others and certainly promotes friendly feelings, just as boasting operates to the contrary.

V. *How To Be a Good Follower.* People vary widely in temperament; some are by past experience and original nature inclined to be leaders, others are likewise predisposed to be good followers. The quality of leadership or "follower-ship" is frequently a life pattern which varies according to

circumstances: some people are leaders in every relationship, others are as truly followers. But most of us are likely to lead out under one circumstance and follow under another where we are not so sure of our ascendance over the other person involved, although we may still have a general tendency to either lead or follow as a general habit.

That leadership is not desired by everyone, is borne out by the fact that faithful followers sometimes refuse advancement to positions of more responsibility with more prestige or better pay. They say they would rather have less prestige or pay than make the adjustment. They would rather do a routine job they know well than a more variable one where more thinking is required.

The art of being a good follower or subordinate is therefore of value to most of us. Good Church followers are those who respect the authority of the leaders. As long as we are confident they have better judgment and insight than we, to follow is easy. We are good followers when we do not openly question our leaders' judgment. We show our respect by prompt and enthusiastic response to their wishes. The poorest kind of followers are those who countermand the orders of their superior officers and use their own judgment as opposed to theirs. This we call insubordination; it is one of the most common reasons for people losing their positions in the Church and in industry.

If we think we have better ideas than our superior officers, we need not smother them necessarily, but much tact is required to get them adopted. Argument accomplishes only one thing: bad feelings. Let your superior accidentally find your ideas for himself so that he doesn't "lose any face" by having you tell him what to do. To tell someone openly how to do his business simply builds up resistance to your ideas, when actually the leader might like to adopt them if he could without losing his pride.

To follow when the leader lacks insight or is weak is very difficult. But argument and over-aggressiveness on the part of the follower does not make the latter into a leader. Insight and consideration of the personalities of others are the most important qualifications of a leader, and an aspiring one must learn to manage people, including his leader, before he can become a leader.

VI. *How To Get the Most Out of Your Followers.* The way to influence your followers is to appreciate first of all what was said about being a good follower. Give your subordinates credit for what they do. Only recognition of their "place in the sun" makes them *want* to give their best to the work at hand. Nagging and finding fault are as fatal in other personal relations as they are in rearing a family. Destructive criticism naturally undermines the pride or value the follower puts on himself. When a person becomes resentful of criticism, he is attempting to "save his face." Backbiting and resentment are contagious and undermine the morale of everyone who listens to the complaints of the disgruntled. It therefore behooves the leader to avoid arousing bitterness in the followers by harsh criticism improperly administered. (See problem 4 at the end of the lesson.)

When criticising a subordinate,

first praise his work where it rightfully deserves it; then let him answer questions to himself about how he can improve; let him find the criticism as though it is partly his own idea. It makes him feel better when you appear to respect his ability to find what is wrong. An effective method in some cases is to disarm him by pointing out in a kindly way and admitting as far as possible beforehand the alibis he is likely to make. This approach avoids an open affront to the worker's ego and thereby prevents building up resistance to new ideas and criticism. For the leader to admit a similar mistake or fault saves the follower's pride and establishes friendly feeling between the leader and follower.

Enthusiasm is contagious and one of the most valuable assets of the leader. This is no more true anywhere than in Church work. Someone has said that there are no good or poor groups of workers—only good or poor leaders. Leadership depends much upon the enthusiasm the leader has for his cause. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young had great enthusiasm for their work—and the ability to pass it on to their followers. They, like Jesus, were great because through their leadership they imbued their followers with great enthusiasm for the cause they espoused.

VII. *Concerning the Art* of *Friendship.* A friendship grows when there is a community of interests between two people, when they mutually satisfy certain needs for recognition, sharing of joys and sorrows, and expression to one's inner feelings and aspirations. Friends must be good listeners on occasion. Sometimes, one party of the friendship is docile and submissive, the other domineering. The submissive party gains recognition through the fact that the other one cares to dominate him, and the dominating one finds in the friendship a "kingdom to rule" which he may not find anywhere else.

However, most friendships rest on common interests and enthusiasms, or enjoyment of the same things,—and sometimes even through sharing the same enemies. Most joys are made more intense by mutual participation of others.

Laird made a study of the reasons why people are not liked. A few of the reasons found are expressed in the following questions. They are presented here to show some of the obstacles to forming and maintaining friendly relations. The questions are only each fifth question in Laird's inventory (quoted by Starch, et al. page 272):

1. Can you always be depended upon to do what you say you will?

5. Do you refrain from showing off how much you know?

10. Do you keep from domineering others?

15. Do you avoid finding fault with everyday things?

20. Do you always control your temper?

25. Do you have patience with modern ideas?

30. Do you avoid asking favors of others?

35. Are you conservative in politics?

40. Do you avoid borrowing things?

45. Do you avoid making fun of people to their faces? (Laird,

D. A. *Why We Don't Like People,* pages 300-31. New York; Glaser, 1933 second edition).

The answers to these questions give a picture of one's ability to make friends. Notice that the questions are directed to specific habits of dealing with people.

VIII. *How to Get Along With Yourself.* If you are really interested in other people for their own sakes, not for the personal gain you may derive from them, you will be able to praise others without strain or effort. If, however, you have sensitive feelings, if you are always concerned with defending your own ego—which is to say that you have inferiority feelings or an inferiority complex—praise requires the greatest of effort and even embarrassment. In this case, to praise means to you that you admit your own inferiority. But the best medicine for feelings of inferiority is to get your thoughts off your own shortcomings. What better antidote for inferiority feelings is there than to receive praise, and praise freely and sincerely given paves the way for others to praise you.

Bitter rivalries often arouse feelings of inferiority and an absorption in one's own inner thoughts. The thought stream flows inward. Psychologists call this *introversion.* Introverts are more interested in their own thoughts than in the outside world, and more interested in inanimate things than in people. They would rather read a book than see a ball game, and often they "feel just miserable." Their feelings are easily hurt. In extreme degrees introversion means much the same thing as emotional instability, and is often associated with inferiority feelings. Introversion is opposed to sociability. Introverts find it difficult to praise others, and therefore they have few friends and are seldom praised. Because they have few friends, they are not much interested in social things, and their personalities become warped so that free communion with others is difficult—just as one has difficulty speaking a foreign language after a few years of disuse. This inefficiency in social relations is unpleasant to the introvert and drives him farther into his shell, "to walk unhappily alone." (In this connection, for those who care to pursue this line of thought further, see H. C. Link's *Return to Religion,* New York; Macmillan, 1936.)

Extreme introversion is an unhealthful condition. Only by living with others can we gain the praise and recognition upon which our egos are nourished. If you would get along with yourself, learn to get along with others. He who loses his life in the service of others shall truly find it.

Problems for Discussion

1. Discuss the practical value of the Golden Rule as a guide to getting along with people, in the home, in business, and in Church work. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," (Matthew 7:12).

2. Show how practice of the second great commandment contributes to mental health: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," (Matthew 22:36-40).

3. What is the significance of the ability to give genuine praise, as related to good personality adjustment?

4. Read *Doctrine and Covenants*

121:34-46. Show why the Priesthood does become an ineffective kind of leadership if based upon "unrighteous dominion." Show why reproof "betimes with sharpness," is doubly effective when followed by expressions of love and appreciation. (See v. 43)

5. Why do people who are self-centered seldom make good leaders?

6. What would you say is the best formula for getting along with people? The best formula for getting along with yourself?

7. Interpret in the light of what you have learned from this lesson about leadership, the following statement: "A sales manager, speaking to his subordinates who in turn were district managers with men working under them, said, "As the boss is, so is the gang." How does this same principle apply to the organization units of the Relief Society?

Reference for Further Study

1. Bennett, M. E., *Building Your Life,* pages 240-251, New York; Whittlesey House, 1935.

2. Starch, D., et al., *Controlling Human Behavior,* pages 258-299 New York; Macmillan, 1936.

3. Morgan, J. J. B., *Keeping a Sound Mind,* pages 385-414; New York; Macmillan, 1934.

4. Webb, E. T., & Morgan, J. J. B., *Strategy In Handling People,* pages 7-59 especially, but see the table of contents; Chicago; Boulton, Pierce & Co., 1931.

Education for Family Life

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

LESSON THREE

SECURITY THROUGH FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

By Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.

(Director Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Calif.)

EACH member of the family has somewhat different needs, in respect to security, because:

I. The home means something different to each one. Women value companionability in a husband. A man may be a "good provider," may be a community leader, may be a person of fine character in other ways; but if he always acts as if his wife were an inferior person, if he ridicules her opinions and acts as if it were not worth while to talk over any serious subject with her, she is not likely to be satisfied with him as a husband. She will lack that feeling of security which is essentional to self-respect and efficiency.

The average man, on the other hand, values a wife not because she is intellectually satisfying,—intellectual comradeship is rarely the prime motive in his choice of a spouse,—but because she is emotionally satisfying and a good home-maker.

Each partner must therefore recognize the other's special needs and meet them.

II. People differ greatly by nature in their degree of self-sufficiency. People high in this trait

do not ask advice, perhaps do not take it if given unasked. A valuable trait in business, it may be a handicap in marriage. Women are likely to be less self-sufficient than men; they are more anxious to talk things over, to get the husband's advice on even trivial matters. Sometimes a husband who does not understand this, and who is himself high in self-sufficiency, is irked by his wife's frequent requests that he express an opinion on some matter which he thinks she should decide for herself. Far from expressing resentment in such a case, the husband must recognize it as part of his job, and go out of his way to help his wife. She wants, more than almost anything else, to please him; she can have no feeling of security if he refuses to give her the help that she thinks she needs. On the other hand, of course, many a wife needs to develop more self-reliance.

III. The children's feeling of security is closely bound up with the need for harmony between their parents. A long series of studies reveals how much the child's behavior may be affected if he feels that he cannot depend on the stability and permanence of his home. Beyond this, the children must develop a feeling of emotional security on their own account by gradually getting some understanding (proportionate to their age and grasp) of: (a) themselves, their own capacities and limitations; (b) sex; (c) God, religion, and death (these three ideas overlap greatly in the mind of the little child); (d) wealth, power, and authority (ideas which overlap similarly). Naturally, the child is not going to solve all these problems, but if he is to feel secure he must at least feel that they do not represent something about which he is being deliberately misled, or that some important fact of which he has an inkling is being withheld deliberately from him.

There are two general areas of security which are most critical for the average family:

1. Financial. This goes without saying. There are few indeed who have not had to struggle with this phase of security. All studies agree that it is not so much the amount of money available, as the attitude toward it, which decides the family's success. The depression has brought some hardship for almost everyone; yet it has probably strengthened just as many families as it has weakened. Many a couple have had to cooperate more closely, have had to give up extravagances and harmful luxuries, have had to develop the resources of the home for entertainment instead of spending money "downtown," and have been spiritually strengthened as a consequence. Fair division of the family income, whether it be large or small, is necessary to a feeling of security on the part of all.

2. Emotional. Every experienced person knows that the feeling of emotional security in a successful marriage is one of its most valuable elements, and one which can hardly be found outside of marriage. It is recognized as so precious, that any threat to it brings serious disturbances, usually described as jealousy.

Jealousy is popularly supposed to be an evil thing. This perhaps results from a failure to think through the problem.

One is said to be jealous of one's

good name, of the honor of one's country, etc.; similarly one should be jealous of the success of one's marriage,—which means that jealousy, properly speaking, is a recognition that one legitimately possesses something of great value and is determined to defend the possession. It is one of the cements that holds the home together on a firm foundation.

It is not a feeling of jealousy that should be reprobated, but an infantile way of expressing it by tantrums, by making life miserable for the partner,—as if a husband would treasure his wife because of her high nuisance value! If the security of the home is threatened, each partner should recognize the fact and make a determined effort to improve the situation, not by violence, threats, or hysterics but by making the home and the self more attractive; by studying the partner to find what he wants and legitimately should expect out of the marriage and then seeing that he gets it.

3. For women, there is a third area of security half-way between the two just mentioned. Many women find their feeling of security is closely associated with their ability to dress properly. Men need more understanding of the legitimate place of clothes in a woman's l i f e. Studies show (though probably the average man will be incredulous) that the average husband spends more money on his clothes than his wife spends on her clothes. Moreover, as a woman grows older, she tends to spend less on her wardrobe,—w h i c h may sometimes mean that she is slipping into a rut and "going to seed," though it may also mean that she has learned to buy more wisely. In any event, it is hard for a woman to have a feeling of emotional security if her husband or her budget obliges her to wear the same hat three years in succession.

As a convenient means for analysing the amount of security present, one may check up by reference to the "three areas of human desire" that have often been described:

(1) Every woman wants to feel that she is a member in good standing of some social group; that she "belongs"; that she is not an outcast but that she has a feeling of solidarity with the world around her; in a word, her social needs must be satisfied. This means a normal recreational life, n o r m a l associations through the church and community agencies.

(2) In addition to this feeling that she is approved by the world in general, she wants to be particularly approved by some one man,—to mean something to him that no other woman can mean, and vice versa. In a word, she must satisfy the needs of her love-life.

(3) But in addition to being a member in good standing of the Great Society, and Mr. Soandso's wife, she also wants to amount to something on her own account, to have an individual reason for existence, to be or do something different from anyone else. This means self-expression through some creative outlet and, technically, results in "satisfaction of the ego". Religious experience is part of this; so is motherhood.

For one reason or another, some women will be shut off from one of these three areas of satisfaction (which apply also, in principle, to men). They must devel-

op the others more fully to compensate as far as possible for the one that is missed. But the average married woman should have a normal life in these three respects, and her feeling of security will be ensured by a balance between her satisfactions in these three areas.

Questions and Problems

1. A woman who is seeking a divorce says, "Ideally every child ought to have two parents; but I believe it is better for my boy to be brought up by his mother alone, in an atmosphere of peace, than to be brought up by two parents who are continually quarreling before him." What would be your comment on this?

2. A highly self-sufficient and capable woman who had been a successful teacher married a man who is emotionally quite dependent on her,—he acts in many ways like a child toward a mother, expecting her to solve all his problems. With such a husband she lacks a feeling of security; while the slightest indication of weaning him emotionally makes him feel insecure. How shall she proceed to improve this situation?

3. Dr. G. V. Hamilton asked two hundred married persons (half men and half women) what they found most objectionable in their partners. Most of the men said their wives talked too much; most of the women said their husbands did not talk enough. What changes in the education of young people would be likely to result in greater harmony in marriage, at this point?

4. Apart from those mentioned in this lesson, name three things you think husbands can do to give their wives a greater feeling of security in the home, and three things a wife can do to increase the husband's feeling of security.

Literature for the Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

LESSON 6

JOSEPHINE NADIN LAMBERT

A Worthy Daughter of Belgium

JOSEPHINE NADIN LAMBERT was the tenth child of Henry Joseph Nadin and Elizabeth Damard, there being five girls and five boys in the family. She was born June 18, 1860, in St. Severen Province of Liege, Belgium. Her parents being Catholics, she was reared in the Catholic faith.

She attended public school only a few years, as children were required to help with the livelihood when very young. At the age of thirteen years she began to work in a bakery. At this early age she was keeping company with a young man by the name of Joseph Hawkens and continued to do so for four years. He was drafted into the army for two years. When he returned his mother insisted that he marry a girl with money. Mention is made of this courtship because of the bearing it had on her life later.

She then met Alexander Lambert whom she married at the

Catholic Church, December 14, 1888. They lived in the farming community of St. Severen though her husband worked some ten miles away in an iron factory, leaving Monday morning and returning Saturday night. He boarded during the week with a family who belonged to the Baptist Church. While there he came in contact with a Mormon missionary, Elder Replenger. Great was his joy when he came home and informed his wife of the Mormon doctrine, but she was not interested. At this time there were two boys in the family, Henry and Leo, who were almost old enough to receive the Catholic instructions. But the husband and father believing the Catholic principles were in error forbade the sons to take any part in that church. This hurt Mrs. Lambert very much, as their friends and relatives ridiculed them.

Living in a Catholic neighborhood, ridiculed, and the children picked on and tormented at school, it became necessary for the family to move to the community where the husband was working. There they were visited by the Elders of the Church. Mrs. Lambert finally accepted their teachings after much persuading on the part of her husband and was baptized on November 12, 1896, but not without a battle with herself and not without much praying. We can understand it was a great undertaking on their part, as they were the first converts in Belgium. All of their relatives had given them up as spiritually lost and wanted no more to do with them.

The desire to go to Zion now became uppermost in their minds and this they finally arranged to do. A Mormon missionary, Charles Beus, laboring in that mission at the time, advised the family to go to his home town, Hooper, Utah. This they decided to do and set sail for Utah April 25, 1902. The boys were thirteen and fifteen years of age and the baby girl nine months old. Sister Lambert was sick all the way, even on the train. Naturally this made the baby sick and the parents were very much worried about the child. They arrived at their destination safely in May, 1902.

Elder Beus' father met them and took them to his home, also helped them to get located. The family arrived without means in a strange country, speaking a language they did not understand. But these circumstances did not crush them. They set to work with a will. Sister Lambert was always very saving and hard working. She was faithful in the Church, always doing her duty, always paying her tithing and fast offerings. Through this the Lord has blessed her with good health and the ability to learn the language and to live comfortably financially. They went through the House of the Lord on January 22, 1904, and were sealed together and to their three children.

After being here a few years Sister Lambert dreamed of her former suitor, Joseph Hawkens; in fact she dreamed of him several nights in succession. She could not understand this so she asked the opinion of her husband. They came to the conclusion that they should do the temple work for this man. This they did and she has not dreamed of him since. They also did the temple work for a great many dead relatives.

They took up farming and have

become very well known in this part of the country.

In 1924 Sister Lambert and her husband left Utah and spent two years in the French Mission laboring in the part of Belgium from which they had originally come. They had the pleasure of converting and baptizing several relatives. While there Sister Lambert helped in Relief Society and preached from house to house. She assisted the Relief Society and other organizations to put on socials and bazaars to raise money to help build a new chapel at Seraing, which was erected shortly after the Lamberts left for home.

The people of Belgium were very bitter when these good people were back there, because of the hardships they had gone through during the World War, and it was very hard to make them understand. In one instance Sister Lambert was talking to an old gentleman about our religion and our God. He said if there had been a God, surely He would not have let the people suffer like they had during the war.

When the Lamberts arrived in Belgium on their mission there were about twenty members and when they left there were one hundred members in the Seraing Branch. Brother Lambert baptized thirteen members.

Sister Lambert's pleasing personality and kind ways made her welcome wherever she went. The Lamberts enjoyed their missionary labors a great deal. It was much harder to say farewell to their friends when their mission was completed than it had been when they left the first time. The last meeting they attended in the branch was more like a funeral than a sacrament meeting. The members seemed to feel as badly as did Elder and Sister Lambert.

About two years after they had returned to their home their oldest son, Henry, left a wife to care for five children while he labored in the same mission that his parents had worked in.

Sister Josephine Lambert has a firm testimony of the divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ and thanks God that He has let her live on this earth to a ripe old age, and for the opportunity she has had to do her bit for the improvement and advancement of the Church.

Items for Consideration

1. A generation ago the missionaries and members of the Church met persecution in every mission of the Church. Now there is little or no persecution anywhere. How do you explain this?
2. Did it take more courage to join the Church then than now? Explain.
3. Were members more devoted and faithful then than now? Explain.
4. What reasons have you for believing that Sister Lambert became a sincerely converted Latter-day Saint?
5. What sacrifices did she make for her new religion?
6. What answer have you to the assertion that "if there had been a God He would not have let the people suffer as many did during the World War"?
7. To what extent are you benefited by the life of a fine, true woman like Josephine N. Lambert?
8. How could temple work benefit Joseph Hawkens?

Magazine Drive

SUCCESS is measured in many ways. Sometimes the attainment of certain goals means success; other times the spirit with which work is carried forward. Sometimes the amount of good resulting from an activity is the determining factor, while again an activity may be called successful if it only provides stimuli for increased effort in the future.

Judged by any standard the 1938 Magazine Drive has been a success. A large majority of the wards and many stakes have gone over the top. The spirit with which the Drive has been conducted has been one of enthusiasm, cooperation and devotion to service. We feel confident that good will result from this activity, and as past experience qualifies us for future achievement, the Magazine looks ahead to a great future.

We most sincerely thank those who have contributed to the success of the 1938 Magazine Drive: the faithful, energetic Magazine Agents, the executive officers who have given such unusual cooperation, our many thousands of subscribers living in all parts of the world. It is our desire to make the Magazine as informative, inspirational, and enjoyable as possible; to have it render genuine service to the Relief Society organization and to the homes into which it goes.

FOUR HIGHEST PERCENTAGES

GROUP A

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Mesa Second	Maricopa	100	160	160	Lula R. Stewart
Provo Fourth	Utah	127	190	150	Flora Buggart
Springville First	Kolob	101	130	129	Eugene Bird
Richards	Granite	107	128	120	Irene Irvine

GROUP B

Twelfth	Ensign	53	90	170	Sarah Jerrell
McGill	Nevada	70	111	160	Louisa Johnson
Dimond	Oakland	71	112	158	Ida Torgerson
Long Beach	Long Beach	62	91	147	Ermina Joseph

GROUP C

Hurstville	Australian Mission	10	31	310	Rit Wilson
Worland	Big Horn	19	57	300	Clara Gheen
Galesburg	Northern States Mis.	9	27	300	Rena Custer
Vernon	St. Johns	10	26	260	Ella L. Grau

HONOR ROLL

THE above receive high honors and will be presented with a bound volume of the Relief Society Magazine at the Relief Society General Conference, April 1939.

WARDS 100% AND OVER

GROUP A

Blanding	San Juan	131	139	106	Doris Shumway
Pocatello Fifth	Pocatello	105	110	105	Jean Henderson
Lovell	Big Horn	113	117	104	LeGene Asay
Eighteenth	Ensign	141	141	100	Iverne Wallace
Lincoln	Granite	134	134	100	Mable Flandro
Ogden Twelfth	Mount Ogden	124	124	100	Esther H. Porter
Adams	Hollywood	103	103	100	Carrie Ainge
Salem	Palmyra	102	102	100	Lettie Peterson

GROUP B

(Enrollment 50 to 99 Inclusive)

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Phoenix First	Phoenix	65	93	143	Lilly A. Harris
Twentieth	Ensign	93	131	141	Louise Mullett
Fourteenth	Salt Lake	60	81	135	Bashua Chapman Davis
Phoenix Second	Phoenix	87	117	134	Mary J. Cosby
Roy	Weber	54	72	133	Jane Hyden
Phoenix Third	Phoenix	51	68	133	Lillian Keller
Malad First	Malad	50	64	128	Esther Hess
Huntington Park	Los Angeles	62	78	126	Lenore Merrills
Ogden Second	Weber	84	105	125	Ethel McCarty
Hooper	Weber	72	89	124	Florence Naisbitt
Idaho Falls First	North Idaho Falls	61	75	123	Una McDonald
Ogden Thirteenth	Ogden	82	97	118	Edith Wilson
Mesa First	Maricopa	93	108	116	Esther H. Miller
Grace First	Bannock	62	72	116	Esther Ashbacker
Burley Third	Burley	66	76	115	Nettie D. Parker
Hillcrest	Grant	92	105	114	Gwen Mecham
Washington	Eastern States Mis.	71	81	114	Ruth B. Young
Raymond First	Taylor	70	80	114	Fanny C. Litchfield
Ogden Nineteenth	Weber	65	74	114	Toss W. Kersch
Twenty-seventh	Ensign	79	89	113	Jeannette McArthur
Antimony	Garfield	50	56	112	Mary K. Riddle
Grandview	Grant	83	92	111	Mae B. Glazier
Raymond Second	Taylor	75	83½	111	Ruth Salmon
Afton North	Star Valley	56	62	111	Melba Erickson
Brighton Second	Box Elder	84	93	110	Sarah Horsley
Elmhurst	Oakland	52	57	110	Lavina Smithen
Idaho Falls Second	Idaho Falls	52	57	110	Hazel Goodwin
Springville Second	Kolob	88	96	109	Florence Simkins
Ogden Twentieth	Ogden	78	85	109	Mattie Manning
South Gate	Los Angeles	65	71	109	Naomi Whale
Central Park	Grant	64	70	109	Hedy Davies
Heber Third	Wasatch	90	97	108	Annie K. Moulton
Ogden Eighteenth	Mount Ogden	78	84	108	Netta Burton
Harvard	Liberty	65	70	108	Irene C. Brain
Twenty-first	Ensign	88	94	107	Mary H. Jordan
Malad Second	Malad	66	70½	107	Violet Condie
Walnut Park	Los Angeles	55	59	107	Mellie Cook
Nibley Park	Granite	98	104	106	Emma Armstrong
Ogden Seventeenth	Mount Ogden	98	104	106	Mary Bertagnoli
Eagar	St. Johns	86	91	106	Lurana Eagar
Wilshire	Hollywood	95	100	105	Hilda Jorgensen
Berkeley	Oakland	50	53	106	Norma G. Davis
Logan Eleventh	Logan	81	85	105	Amy W. Affleck
Santa Monica	Hollywood	78	82	105	Cora J. Hodges
Bountiful First	South Davis	66	70	105	Zara Sabin
Tremonton First	Bear River	97	100	103	Dorma Brough
Eleventh	Ensign	75	77	103	D. Montgomery
Franklin	Franklin	71	73	103	Blanche Cook
Ogden Eleventh	Weber	69	71	103	Ella Burt
Sparks, Nevada	California Mission	65	67	103	Merlyn Lampman
Burley First	Burley	58	60	103	Nettie T. Oliverson
Magna	Oquirrh	105	107	102	Emily Petterson
West Bountiful	South Davis	56	57	102	Cristie E. Wood
Hollywood	Pasadena	53	54	102	Charlotte S. O'Connor
Vernal First	Uintah	84	85	101	Katie Horrocks
Bountiful Third	South Davis	71	72	101	Emma Riley
University	Ensign	68	69	101	Emma Teudt
Logan Second	Logan	64	65	101	Inez Thain

GROUP B—Continued

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Ogden First	Weber	86	86	100	Margaret Verniew
Emigration	Bonneville	82	82	100	Ida von Nordeck
Ensign	Ensign	80	80	100	Ellen Smith
Mesa Third	Maricopa	79	79	100	Zelma Huffaker
Richfield Second	Sevier	76	76	100	Elizabeth Magleby
Thirteenth	Ensign	72	72	100	Alma Erickson
Grantsville Second	Tooele	71	71	100	Glenna Millward
Chevy Chase	Eastern States Mis.	70	70	100	Betty Benson
Draper First	East Jordan	59	59	100	Florence Sjoblom
San Francisco	San Francisco	56	56	100	Sarah L. Pomeroy
Lincoln	Idaho Falls	55	55	100	Elsie T. Lee

GROUP C

(Enrollment up to 49 Inclusive)

Cody	Big Horn	22	49	223	Ethel Brailsford
Clinton	Weber	34	71	209	Angeline Child
Glendale	Phoenix	14	29	207	Julia S. Kremer
Mound Valley	Bannock	19	38	200	Ida B. Condie
Rapid City, S. D.	N. Cent. States Mis.	8	15	187	Melba Thomas
Elko	Nevada	29	54	186	Fawn S. Noren
Geneva	Montpelier	18	33	183	Rosetta Teuscher
Heber	Snowflake	16	28	175	Elva Shelley
Arlington	Hollywood	41	71	173	Edith Cowan
Grand Island, Neb.	N. Cent. States Mis.	15	26	173	Maude O. West
Sublett	Raft River	7	12	171	Sylvia Olsen
Milo	North Idaho Falls	15	25	167	Mary Wilding
Ten Sleep	Big Horn	11	18	164	Annie Duncan
Buffalo	Eastern States Mis.	8	13	163	Naomi Joy
Pacheco	Juarez	8	13	163	Margaret B. Cluff
La Grande First	Union	36	57	158	Emma Stringham
Charleston	Wasatch	43	66	153	Mary Casper
Wells	Nevada	21	32	152	Nellie Hyde
Alpine	St. Johns	24	36	150	Jessie Jepson
Montebello	Los Angeles	16	23	144	Grace Davenport
Basin	Big Horn	21	30	143	Lova Kinghorn
Wendover	Tooele	19	27	142	Florence Howell
Beaver Creek	North Idaho Falls	12	17	142	Wanda Wieles
Hilliard	Woodruff	12	17	142	Naomi Lym
Queensland	Australian Mission	27	38	141	Nell Jeffs Brown
Cincinnati	Northern States Mis.	20	28	140	Lula Snell
Pine	Maricopa	18	25	139	Ina P. Hunt
Pomona	San Bernardino	18	25	139	Mary Snell
Vallejo	Oakland	18	25	139	Ida Fullen
Palo Alto	San Francisco	32	44	138	Charlotte Showers
Ruth	Nevada	35	48	137	Lucy Benson
Philadelphia	Eastern States Mis.	25	34	136	Claire S. Abbott
Arcadia	Duchesne	26	35	135	Rose D. Gilbert
Pella	Burley	38	51	134	Alice Freer
Rosette	Curlew	9	12	133	Jennie Hirschi
Eastmont	Los Angeles	30	39	130	Vera Wanlass
Manchester	Los Angeles	42	54	129	Gladys Silberstein
Balboa	San Francisco	40	51	128	Fredrikka Duffner
Chester	Yellowstone	36	46	128	Julia Worrell
Auburn	Eastern States Mis.	7	9	128	Jessie Wiggins
Tempe	Phoenix	22	28	127	Lola Turley
San Rafael	San Francisco	11	14	127	Louise Bernard
Duchesne	Duchesne	42	53	126	Minnie Wheeler
Baker	Union	34	43	126	Nettie Shurtliff
Juarez	Juarez	34	43	126	Mildred Farnsworth
North Hollywood	Pasadena	40	50	125	Louise Phippen
Center	Wasatch	24	30	125	Bertha Sweat

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Montello	Mount Ogden	16	20	125	Gertrude Jordan
Imbler	Union	12	15	125	Jessie Perry
Lyndhurst	Northern States Mis.	8	10	125	
Bundaberg	Australian Mission	4	5	125	Mary Wilson
Boise Third	Boise	40	49	123	Florence Pruett
San Jose	San Francisco	35	43	123	Eliza J. Horsfield
Linrose	Franklin	18	22	122	Olga Taylor
Sharon	Bear Lake	18	22	122	Mrs. Rill Long
Groveland	Blackfoot	48	58	121	Zella W. Wixom
Herriman	West Jordan	40	48½	121	Agnes Dansie
Claremont	Oakland	36	43½	121	Clara S. Gleason
Tyrell's Lake	Taylor	14	17	121	Clara E. Selk
Perry	Box Elder	35	42	120	Selma Thorne
Thatcher	Bannock	34	41	120	Wilda Rasmussen
Roseville	Sacramento	29	35	120	Nellie Boller
Firestone Park	Los Angeles	20	24	120	Elizabeth Winkler
Hatch	Idaho	10	12	120	Valeria Johnson
Lansing	Northern States Mis.	10	12	120	Emma L. Smith
Battle Creek	Northern States Mis.	5	6	120	Esther Williams
Burnham	Young	36	43	119	Harriet D. Foutz
Grant	E. Jordan	21	25	119	Emma Beckstead
Harlem	N. Cent. States Mis.	21	25	119	Lois Haycock
Dublan	Juarez	38	45	118	Bernice Coon
Slaterville	North Weber	33	39	118	Sylvia S. Knight
Pleasant Grove 2nd	Timpanogos	46	54	117	Effa Williams
Maywood	Los Angeles	34	40	117	Rose Millard
Altoona	Eastern States Mis.	6	7	117	Ida Sandrus
Canandaigua	Eastern States Mis.	6	7	117	Nellie Lodge
Ogden Twenty-first	Ogden	47	54	115	Elizabeth Jacobs
Burlingame	San Francisco	33	38	115	Ruth Bentley
Gilbert	Maricopa	20	23	115	Jennie Lamb
Queen Anne	Seattle	43	49	114	Etta Eskelson
Basin	Cassia	14	16	114	Nellie Martin
Lund	Nevada	30	34	113	Ellen F. Fawcett
Torrence	Long Beach	24	27	113	Hortense Smith
Lehi	Maricopa	35	39	111	Lola Williams
Alameda	Oakland	27	30	111	MaRee Meuter
Flagstaff	Snowflake	27	30	111	Martha W. Thomas
Central	Bannock	18	20	111	Pearl Christensen
Bellingham	Seattle	14	18	111	Ella M. Petrie
Tracy	Sacramento	9	10	111	Sarah Dana
Baldwin Park	San Bernardino	30	33	110	Lilly A. Wilcox
Richie	Idaho Falls	20	22	110	Bertha Cooper
Powell	Big Horn	10	11	110	Bertha Cozzens
Twin Groves	Yellowstone	35	38	109	Selina Richards
Stockton	Sacramento	34	37	109	Olive Sattler
Luna	St. Johns	22	24	109	Clara Snyder
Burbank	Pasadena	39	42	108	Nessel Thomson
Houston	Texas Mission	24	26	108	Viola Stone
Mountain View	Alberta	44	47	107	Winnefred Smith
Storrs	Carbon	42	45	107	Josephine McPhie
Sunset	San Francisco	42	45	107	Millie Johnson
Olympia	Seattle	14	15	107	Mary Anderson
Fish Haven	Bear Lake	36	38	106	Harriet G. Jensen
Leland	Palmyra	35	37	106	Mary Marcussen
Unity	Burley	35	37	106	Julina Nielson
Star	Burley	32	34	106	Ethel O. Hanks
Pioche	Moapa	26	27½	106	Ora Price
Hayward	Oakland	25	26½	106	Eva Loomis
Redcliff	Duchesne	17	18	106	Emily H. Moon

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Burlington	Big Horn	43	45	105	Dorothy Yorgensen
Oakland	Oakland	43	45	105	Elizabeth Bergman
Union	Union	43	45	105	Rose Kofford
Chandler	Maricopa	40	42	105	Helen Cluff
Acequia	Minidoka	31	32½	105	Winnie Osterhout
Farmington	Young	19	20	105	Margaret Dustin
Utahn	Duchesne	18	19	105	Matilda Wright
Bingham	West Jordan	46	48	104	Salina Nerdin
Kanesville	Weber	27	28	104	Arlene Hansen
San Pedro	Long Beach	26	27	104	Olive Johnson
Mapleton	Franklin	24	25	104	Afton Long
Springdale	Burley	24	25	104	Hattie H. Marchant
Butler	East Jordan	39	40	103	Eva Boyce
Centerville Second	South Davis	31	32	103	LaVaun Duncan
Woodruff	Snowflake	31	32	103	Missouri B. Smithson
Pleasant View	Ogden	44	45	102	Alice McLane
Matthews	Los Angeles	71	72	101	Elizabeth Bowen
Vermont	Los Angeles	46	46½	101	Rea K. Cross
Belvedere	Los Angeles	70	70	100	Oral Hales
Bancroft	Idaho	48	48	100	Louie Call
Mission	San Francisco	47	47	100	Margurite Kenison
University	Chicago	37	37	100	Anna V. Anderson
Rupert First	Minidoka	36	36	100	Adeline Simpson
Grant	Los Angeles	34	34	100	Fredricka Williams
Wanship	Summit	32	32	100	Bessie Hixson
Holbrook	Curlew	28	28	100	Letitia T. Willie
Richmond	Oakland	28	28	100	Mrs. A. Morley
Grace Second	Bannock	27	27	100	Mildred Ray
Kimberly	Twin Falls	25	25	100	Melvina McEwen
Marion	Cassia	25	25	100	Lera Matthews
Pittsburg	Oakland	25	25	100	Undine Kutsch
Ionia	Big Horn	23	23	100	Lois Bassett
Pittsburgh	Eastern States Mis.	23	23	100	Elisa Bohler
Huntington Beach	Long Beach	22	22	100	Edna Allred
Martinez	Oakland	21	21	100	Lillian Abbott
Hartley	Alberta	20	20	100	Annie Orr
Mud Lake	North Idaho Falls	20	20	100	Florence Peterson
Evans	Box Elder	19	19	100	Alice Buxton
Cleveland	Bannock	19	19	100	Nina Jensen
Cedron	Teton	18	18	100	Leatha Kunz
Leslie	Lost River	17	17	100	Anna Fullmer
Woodland	Portneuf	17	17	100	May Cotrell
Whittier	Los Angeles	14	14	100	Minerva Moshier
Kelly	Idaho	18	18	100	Fern Cooper
Bankstown	Australian Mission	13	13	100	Rose Foot
Fort Wayne	Northern States Mis.	13	13	100	Margarete S. Berthold
Arlington	Eastern States Mis.	12	12	100	Beth Bowen
Perth	Australian Mission	11	11	100	
Renton	Seattle	11	11	100	Marie Marlow
Marsh Center	Portneuf	10	10	100	Martha Treasure
Uintah	Mount Ogden	10	10	100	May Bybee
Beaumont	Texas Mission	8	8	100	
Hobart	Australian Mission	8	8	100	Minnie J. Quinne
Clinton	Northern States Mis.	7	7	100	Maratha Cooley
Bloomington	Northern States Mis.	6	6	100	
Des Moines	Northern States Mis.	6	6	100	
Fairbanks, Alaska	Northw. States Mis.	6	6	100	Cornelia S. Peterson
Oyster Bay	Australian Mission	5	5	100	Mira McInerney

WARDS 75% TO 99% INCLUSIVE

GROUP A

(Enrollment 100 and Over)

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Seventeenth	Salt Lake	160	145½	91	Julia G. Miller
Cowley	Big Horn	105	95	91	Sarah M. Simmons
Ogden Eighth	Ogden	111	96	86	Miriam Farr
Wells	Wells	136	116	83	Annie B. Ackroyd
Waterloo	Wells	126	104	83	Ada C. Nisbet
Logan Fourth	Cache	152	124	82	Janet M. Smith
Hawthorne	Granite	131	107	82	Julia Carver
Rexburg Second	Rexburg	105	86½	82	Alice M. Howard
Lovell West	Big Horn	121	98	81	Mildred Despain
Whittier	Wells	107	86½	81	Thelma Houghton
Manavu	Utah	104	84	81	Elsie Moffitt
North Ogden	Ogden	119	92	77	Louise Ellis
Forest Dale	Granite	115	88	77	May Jenson
Preston First	Franklin	109	83	76	Annabel C. Larson

GROUP B

(Enrollment 50 to 99 Inclusive)

Ogden Third	North Weber	72	71	99	Isabelle Hill
Burley Second	Burley	95	92	97	Mary Casper
Milwaukee	Chicago	54	52½	97	Elise B. Schuette
La Grande Second	Union	51	49½	97	Gertie Hibbert
Spanish Fork Second	Palmyra	89	85	96	Mary Monk
Lehi First	Lehi	82	76	96	Lenore T. Jones
Sutter	Sacramento	57	55	96	Lucile Beck
Mesa Fourth	Maricopa	78	74	95	Grace Burton
Capitol Hill	Salt Lake	59	55	93	Anna Allcock
Gunnison	Gunnison	58	54	93	Orilla Wilkinsen
Queens	New York	53	48	91	Louise Greenwood
Edgehill	Highland	97	87	90	Gail Clayton
Ririe	Rigby	63	57	90	Eliza Durrant
Heber Second	Wasatch	84	75	89	Agnes Cummings
Twenty-ninth	Salt Lake	72	64	89	Hillevi Daniels
Fielding	Bear River	65	58	89	Nora Roundy
Rexburg Fourth	Rexburg	65	58	89	Isabelle Blunck
Idaho Falls Sixth	Idaho Falls	54	48	89	Phoebe Peterson
Yale	Bonneville	90	79	88	Chloe M. Jacob
Shelley First	Shelley	80	70	88	Esther Christensen
Rigby Second	Rigby	76	67	88	Dora Poole
Ucon	North Idaho Falls	72	63	88	Millie Hill
Park View	Long Beach	71	62	88	Lydia Curtis
Evanston Second	Woodruff	68	60	88	Edith Davis
Lindon	Timpanogos	58	51	88	Nettie Mecham
Monticello	San Juan	56	49½	88	Adelia Perkins
Elwood	Bear River	51	45	88	Mrs. Carl Romer
Menan	Rigby	87	76	87	Hannah Poole
Riverdale	Weber	52	45	87	Belva Vance
Snowflake	Snowflake	99	85	86	Tina Gardner and Emma Hill
Ogden Seventh	Ogden	78	67	86	Jessie M. Woods
Highland Park	Highland	76	65	86	Effie Chipman
Gilmer Park	Bonneville	74	63	86	Rachel Watts
Midway Second	Wasatch	55	47	86	Susanna Probst
Spanish Fork First	Palmyra	69	58	84	Grace Meiling
Logan Square	Chicago	56	47	84	Margaret Kerr
Cedar Second	Parowan	95	78½	83	Zella B. Matheson
Bonneville	Utah	83	69	83	Mrs. W. H. Prusse

GROUP B—Continued

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Ely	Nevada	66	55	83	Leone Garrett
Byron	Big Horn	70	58	83	Sally Griffin
Ogden 22nd	Weber	54	45	83	Martha Van Braak
Ogden Sixth	Ogden	98	80	82	Maude Ferris and Gertrude Hayes
Thirty-third	Bonneville	96	78	82	Mary Haycock
Emerson	Highland	79	65½	82	Agnes Kirk
St. Johns	St. Johns	76	63	82	Maude Mangum
Idaho Falls Third	Idaho Falls	57	47	82	Laura Hops
Rexburg Third	Rexburg	50	41	82	Margaret Pearson
Rigby First	Rigby	88	71	81	Elizabeth West
Heber First	Wasatch	83	67	81	Vera Epperson
Windsor	Timpanogos	64	52	81	Mary B. Hales
Hyrum First	Hyrum	68	55	81	Marie Christiansen
Fairview	Star Valley	54	44	81	Izora Hoopes
Downey	Portneuf	48	39	81	Jean Georgeson
Archer	Rexburg	37	30	81	Annie A. Briggs
Le Grand	Bonneville	94	75	80	Malinda C. Hicken
Burton	Wells	82	66	80	Nora Yeager
Yalecrest	Bonneville	81	65	80	Mrs. O. A. Carstensen
Vernal Second	Uintah	67	53½	80	Sarah Lyon
Montpelier Fourth	Montpelier	51	41	80	Clara Smith
Twenty-fourth	Salt Lake	76	60	79	Mrs. C. Thompson
Hurricane South	Zion Park	64	50½	79	Martha Hasting
American Fork 4th	Alpine	63	50	79	Grace Coates
Moreland	Blackfoot	63	50	79	Annie Morrell
Provo Sixth	Utah	78	61	78	Jane Evans
Price Second	Carbon	85	66	78	Jennie Allred
Centerville First	South Davis	77	61	78	Ella Evans
Clearfield	North Davis	77	60	78	Phyllis King
Ammon	Idaho Falls	76	59	78	Christie Heath
Paris Second	Bear Lake	72	76	78	Hannah Humphreys
Joseph City	Snowflake	55	43	78	Stella Cummins
East Mill Creek	Grant	84	65	77	Hattie S. Woods
Idaho Falls Fifth	Idaho Falls	56	43	77	Ila Sams
Hyrum Third	Hyrum	83	63	76	Luella J. Birch
San Bernardino	San Bernardino	78	61	76	Naomi Larsen
Holden	Millard	77	59	76	Elva Johnson
Twenty-second	Salt Lake	67	51	76	Lucy W. Holmes
Kanosh	Millard	85	64	75	Cora Turner
Richfield Third	Sevier	67	50	75	Everdiena Winkel
Providence First	Logan	66	50	75	Luella Jensen
Fillmore Second	Millard	65	49	75	Manilla Brunson
Springdale	Zion Park	59	44	75	Nora C. Jolley

GROUP C

(Enrollment up to 49 Inclusive)

Garden City	Bear Lake	38	37	97	Virginia Whittington
Egin	Yellowstone	33	32	97	Eva P. Cruser
West Seattle	Seattle	29	28	97	Lila Gulbransen
Indianapolis, Ind.	Northern States Mis.	45	43	96	Ruby B. Graham
Spencer	Oquirrh	48	44½	95	Florence Reid
Globe	St. Joseph	41	38	95	Blanche Gale
Conda	Idaho	22	21	95	Ruth Lewis
Harper	Box Elder	22	21	95	Frewtrilla B. Yates
Carlin	Nevada	21	20	95	Charlotte Ferguson
Veyo	St. George	19	18	95	Mildred Bowler
Firth	Shelley	35	33	94	Daveen Dye
Banida	Oneida	18	17	94	Mira Miles
Nounan	Montpelier	17	16	94	Florence Bartschi

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Oakley Third	Cassia	30	29	93	Lavina Critchfield
Greenbelt	Eastern States Mis.	14	13	93	Eunice S. Manning
Copperton	West Jordan	45	41½	92	Gwen Knudsen
Showlow	Snowflake	30	27½	92	Sarah M. Willis
Penrose	Big Horn	12	11	92	Delilah Mae Wasden
Palmyra, N. Y.	Eastern States Mis.	11	10	91	Maude A. Collins
Winslow	Snowflake	42	38	90	Violet Willey
Sacramento	Sacramento	39	35	90	Mary J. Winkel
Detroit East	Northern States Mis.	21	19	90	
Springfield	Blackfoot	21	19	90	Minnie Thurston
Farnum	Yellowstone	20	18	90	LeVera Hendricksen
Wrentham	Taylor	10	9	90	Vera Erickson
Ovid	Bear Lake	28	25	89	Eva M. Johnson
Woolford	Alberta	18	16	89	Twilla Stead
River Heights	Logan	34	30	88	Violet Weiderhauser
Riverside	Blackfoot	33	29	88	Christene Kirwan
Bridgeland	Duchesne	25	22	88	Pearl Meacham
Chuichupa	Juarez	25	22	88	Cora Judd
Croyden	Morgan	16	14	88	Hilda Stevens
Hamer	North Idaho Falls	9	8	88	Paulie Landon
Bloomfield	Young	8	7	88	Fullin Reed
Columbus	Northern States Mis.	8	7	88	
Liberty	Ogden	31	27	87	Irma Holmes
Roberts	Rigby	31	27	87	Hilda Foster
Holbrook	Snowflake	30	26	87	Ann Thomas
North Las Vegas	Moapa	23	20	87	Hannah Tomsick
Adamsville	Beaver	15	13	87	Sarah A. Jones
Marriott	North Weber	37	32	86	Sarah Parry
Albany, La.	Texas Mission	7	6	86	Edith Davis
Riverton First	West Jordan	45	38½	85	Cleo Page
Redondo	Long Beach	26	22	85	Linnie Evans
Lark	West Jordan	20	17	85	Elizabeth Thomas
Reynolds	Malad	13	11	85	Mabel J. Smith
Bates	Teton	19	16	84	Zuma Murdock
Glendale	Oneida	13	11	84	Rachel Webster
Laketown	Bear Lake	36	30	83	Verne Orvin
Homestead	Sacramento	30	25	83	Ruby Altop
Grant	Portneuf	12	10	83	Rachel Anderson
Eureka	Nevada	6	5	83	Geneva R. Bay
Marysville	Yellowstone	46	37½	82	Lorena Martindale
Leota	Roosevelt	11	9	82	Cora Exund
Pocatello Sixth	Pocatello	48	39	81	Frieda Meyers
Grass Valley	Gridley	32	26	81	Sylvia Jensen
Montwel	Roosevelt	26	21	81	Etta Bacon
Sutherland	Deseret	46	37	80	Millie Jones
Irvington	Portland	45	36	80	Neida Bradshaw
Caliente	Moapa	40	32	80	Leah Williams
Center	Salt Lake	39	31	80	Eva Gledhill
Manhattan	New York	30	24	80	Mrs. C. S. Schindler
Welling	Taylor	20	16	80	Elizabeth Bullock
Lebanon	St. Joseph	15	12	80	Vermel Lee
Racine	Chicago	15	12	80	Martha Hubert
Woodruff	Malad	15	12	80	Eunice Harris
Topaz	Portneuf	10	8	80	Marie Hegstrom
Toponce	Idaho	10	8	80	Rita Boller
College	Logan	43	34	79	Edith Albiston
Palmyra	Palmyra	33	26	79	Lois Roach
Oakley First	Cassia	41	32	78	Helen Lee
Omaha, Neb.	Western States Mis.	33	26	78	Ida H. Higham
Jameston	Shelley	32	25	78	Nora Fielding

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Eden	Ogden	31	24	78	Janet Ferron
Beazer	Alberta	27	21	78	Sarah A. Broadhead
Flowell	Millard	19	15	78	Ruth Allen
Anaheim	Long Beach	18	14	78	Erthel Thatcher
Challis	Lost River	18	14	78	Mabel Howell
Gridley	Gridley	48	37	77	Florence Jensen
Wilford	Yellowstone	42	33½	77	Margaret Willyerd
Swan Lake	Portneuf	30	23	77	Marie Henderson
Picture Butte	Lethbridge	22	17	77	Luella Hague
University	Seattle	22	17	77	Vera Leishman
Adelaide, So. A.	Australian Mission	13	10	77	Gertrude Latter
Fruita, Colorado	Western States Mis.	9	7	77	Emma Assay
Lakeside	Snowflake	38	29	76	Anna H. Jackson
Reno, Nevada	California Mission	35	26½	76	Viola Jenson
Lago	Bannock	25	19	76	Levera Swensen
Oakley Second	Cassia	49	35	75	Mary Stowers
Riverdale	Oneida	44	33	75	Barbara Swenson
View	Burley	40	30	75	Anna W. Larsen
Pasadena	Pasadena	28	22	75	Jane Gottfredson
Ballard	Roosevelt	24	18	75	Jennie Collins
Lost River	Lost River	20	15	75	Alice Noble
Tabiona	Duchesne	20	15	75	Edna Sizemore

STAKES 75% AND OVER

Stake	*Enr.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Phoenix	239	333	139	Zina Dana
Oakland	396	466	120	Adrian Gee
Maricopa	463	550	119	Sarah Shumway
Weber	597	686	115	Mabel C. Ellis
Ensign	749	843	113	Camilla W.Halliday
Los Angeles	559	624½	112	Zilla Major
San Francisco	312	348	112	Naomi S. Mac Cabe
St. Johns	248	268	108	Sarah A. Wiltbank
Big Horn	607	629	104	Ann E. Gwynn
Union	218	226½	104	Hazel Sirrine
Seattle	138	149	104	Josephine Taylor
Granite	585	562½	96	Pearl H. Crockett
Burley	470	442	94	Nellie R. Barlow
Sacramento	253	223	88	Marie Gibby
Wasatch	513	446	87	Lillie L. Duke
Bonneville	517	443	86	Christina V. Wilson
Taylor	415	351	85	Alvira D. Bridge
Cassia	159	136	85	Jennie R. Hale
Idaho Falls	462	390½	84	Della Rowberry
Long Beach	426	349½	82	Ethel Spongberg
Duchesne	203	167	82	Eliza J. Gilbert
Ogden	908	737	81	Lois D. Smith
Mt. Ogden	582	472	81	Laurel M. Dickson
Snowflake	527	419	80	Coral Peterson
San Juan	280	221½	80	Caroline N. Redd
Palmyra	644	502	78	Lenora Gull
Salt Lake	920	697	76	Clara B. Wright
N. Idaho Falls	454	339	75	Mrs. Jacob Judd

MISSIONS 75% AND OVER

Australian	92	122	133	Violet Cook
Eastern States	360	345	96	Helen Hirschi

How to keep a husband

HAPPIER

"Oh, boy! This is the life! No furnace to worry about—no fuel to shovel—no ashes to carry—no clinkers to fish out! There's no place like home—since we installed gas heat!"

How to keep your family

HEALTHIER

Children, and grown-ups, too, don't catch so many colds due to fluctuating temperatures, when the home is kept uniformly warm with automatic gas heat.

How to keep your house

CLEANER

Smoke, soot, ashes and grime are things of the past in homes heated with gas. It saves a lot of cleaning labor—and prolongs the life of home furnishings.

Join The Swing To

AUTOMATIC
Natural Gas
HEAT

You can easily have this modern heat in your home **now.** Remember, gas is the **only** house-heating fuel that's fully automatic. Come in or phone for complete details on the economical operating cost, and on prices and terms for installing a new, modern gas furnace in your home.

MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY

Salt Lake — Ogden — Provo
Serving 21 Utah Communities

MEMORIAL VOLUME

of writings of

HARRISON R. MERRILL

+

"Leave My Spirit Here"

+

$1.00 **fifty poems, articles, stories**

Dr. Tanner, B. Y. U., Provo, Utah

Please send C. O. D. ..... copies of Memorial Volume at $1 each plus postage to

Name .....

Address .....

MAIN STREET

A delightful Book of Verse on early pioneer life

by

RACHEL BARNEY TAFT

An appropriate Gift for any member of the Family.

$1.00

Deseret Book Co.

44 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

L. D. S. TRAINING PAYS!

You Can Make This Winter Count!

Success comes to those who are willing to pay the price—and the down payment is preparation.

May we tell you about our courses, rates of tuition, employment service, etc.? Just send us a card, or call Wasatch 1812.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main Street — Salt Lake City, Utah

Do You Value The Friendships You Hold?

Enrich Them With Selected

Christmas Greetings

Choose from the most Attractive Assortment in Town

Printed with your own personal sentiment and name

Now on display at

The Deseret News Press

33 Richards Street

GOOD CHEER AT CHRISTMAS TIM

THE *Outcome* OF A BENEFICIAL INCOME

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

In your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL

Listen to Our M
sical Program ov
K S L Every Mo
d a y Evening
10:00 p m. M S.

HOME OFFICE BENEFICIAL LIFE BUILDING SALT LAKE CITY UTAH
HEBER J. GRANT PRESIDENT

Relief Society magazine

v.25
1938

CBPac

339247

v.25
1938

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
BERKELEY, CA 94709

GTU Library
3 2400 00328 8358